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SUZANNE COMBE
One of our Paris
mannequins



Alone at night? Frightened?

It's terrible to be in bed alone and hear those noises in the night. Maybe it's only the wardrobe creaking. But how are you to know — unless you sleep with a flashlight under your pillow.

When you can see you feel safe. Or if you have to get up in the middle of the night for any reason . . . to look at the children . . . or go to the bathroom . . . you can do so without switching on the overhead lights and waking other sleepers who may be in the house.

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Are you a bachelor girl? ☐
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Sleep with a
flashlight under
your pillow!

EVEREADY

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FLASHLIGHTS, BATTERIES AND BULBS



Fresh batteries last longer...

LOOK FOR THE
DATE-LINE!



NEVER DOUBT ME

Real love knows no suspicion, needs no reassurance, Amanda maintained

By . . .

**DOROTHEA
MALM**

ALl day long the thought of the change in Carr was moving around in Amanda's mind, getting a little in the way of her professional problems, but in an imperative fashion.

It was really no more bothersome than the gooseneck lamp on her desk that kept sagging out of its proper curve until she had to prop it up with a T-square; or for that matter, than Marian Dent, who was not being a very good assistant lately because her little boy was ill.

Marian had stayed at home today to look after him, which was a bother, but she could still concentrate on improving the wording of the Lorimer Lipstick display card, and she did so until three o'clock. Then she yawned and stretched and lit a cigarette and went to look out of the window for a while.

She was tired after her recent late hours, and looked dishevelled, though she was willing to admit that she had never been the type of career girl who could still look like an orchid under glass at the end of a working day.

Work always mused her up; she picked up ink stains and pencil smudges, and her lipstick wore off, and her upswep hair got higher and higher as she ran her fingers through it in a worried way, until it stood on end.

And Carr, she thought, has changed—and why? General boredom or business problems of his own—or some other girl perhaps? She frowned at the bleak, grey winter afternoon outside, and the backs of grey warehouses, and the red lorry unloading just below the window.

It was so subtle a change, too, that it was hard to talk about. Nothing definite like quarrels or being seen with other girls—merely an indefinable dwindling of something in their mutual relationship, as if a door were closing between them.

In any case, they weren't used to talking about such things. They liked to talk books or politics or shop—he was in advertising, too, though in a somewhat grander way, with four assistants and a large, expensively furnished office. It would be hard to start dissecting their hearts at this stage.

Just then George Duncan's errand boy arrived with an enormous square flat package, obviously the lipstick layout.

"Oh, good," Amanda said, hurrying to peel off the protective brown paper and have a look, and as soon as she had looked she picked up her telephone and dialled George Duncan's number. "It's Amanda," she said when he answered, "and it's just come and it's excellent."

"Thank heaven," George said, and sighed. "Nothing wrong?"

"Not a thing wrong," she said. "It's distinguished. It's suave. You're a genius."

"I always knew that," he said, and sighed again. "I was up the rest of the night on it after you left."

"Poor man—anyway it's all right now, and you can eat again—you really deserve a bonus for it, but I could never get it out of Mrs. Lorimer."

"The usual will do. Thanks for ringing, Amanda. I feel very happy."

"So do I," she said, and hung up. It had been a tricky thing, that counter display-card for the chemists, because Lorimer's was a very small company that had ambitions for itself, and it was hard to get the effect of a reticent shout on practically no money at all; but she had done it. She felt very proud and very tired.

Picking up the layout, she went to Mrs. Lorimer's office.

Mrs. Lorimer was middle-aged and charming in a purple wool suit with her grey hair in little curls all over her head; she was conducting an

argument with her chemist when Amanda came in; she was pleased with the layout and gaily complimentary to Amanda; and Amanda returned to her own dark little den feeling in love with her job and in love with the world.

She was out of the office by five, having despatched the layout to the printer, done something to her hair, washed her face, put on lipstick, and thrown her pale grey coat over her shoulders. It was wet, but not very cold, and she took pleasure in riding on the upper deck of the bus through the traffic, and she was only briefly shocked when she passed a rather gaudy car and saw her secretary sitting blandly in it beside some totally strange man.

"Oh, well," she sighed, disgusted and amused, and she prepared a mild scolding to be delivered to Marian in the morning and then forgot about it. It was early; she would have time for a long bath before meeting Carr, even if she called in to see Aunt Louise on the way home.

And then she suddenly stopped feeling quite so happy. She had always known that human relations could go wrong very easily. But she hadn't expected anything ever to go wrong between herself and Carr.

because they understood each other too well, they were too close, too compatible.

"I think," she said to herself firmly, "that I'm being neurotic. I've been imagining things. He's noticed that I'm abstracted, so he's unconsciously responded with a little abstraction of his own. That's all. And now that this lay-out is off my mind, things will be all right again."

That hit a very solid, sure note—that sounded like the truth. It explained everything.

She got off the bus and turned into the house where her Aunt Louise had a flat.

Aunt Louise was home, red-nosed and all wrapped up in a red wool dressing-gown, drinking hot tea with lemon. "Got a cold," she explained cheerfully. "Want some tea, Amanda?"

"I'd love it," Amanda said, throw-

ing her coat on the back of a chair. "I've had a rotten day, though it ended well."

"Why was your day so rotten?" "I expect because I didn't get to bed till five last night," Amanda said, dropping two slices of lemon in her tea and pushing at them with a spoon. "And the night before that, not till three."

"And what does Carr think of that?"

"I don't know. I haven't asked him."

"Of course Carr's very understanding," Aunt Louise said, and Amanda looked up suddenly. "Have you decided when you're going to be married?"

"September, probably. Why?"

"Well, that answers that."

"What do you mean?"

"Well," Aunt Louise said, and drew a long breath, "if you won't lose your temper, Amanda—"

"All right, tell me."

"Yes, I've heard the rumors," he said, still not looking at her.

"Well, I've been wanting to talk to you. Because quite a lot of people are talking about you."

"Are they?" Amanda said, feeling a kind of coldness across her shoulders. "And they are saying that Carr and I are breaking up? Because they're very wrong."

"They're saying some very nasty things, and it's all your fault."

"All right—I can take it."

"My dear child, it's difficult to say! It's ugly!"

"For heaven's sake," Amanda said, putting her teacup on the floor and standing up, "what? Even if it is difficult, say it!"

"Well, Alice dropped in on you at your office a week or so ago and was told you were with Mr. Duncan and couldn't be disturbed. And Alice waited an hour and went

and told everyone she met about it, emphasising the fact that she hadn't heard a sound from your office all the time she waited, which she seemed to think was either very funny or very—funny . . ."

"It's a good tight door," Amanda said, looking at the fire, still feeling cold. "Is that all?"

"Well, the trouble is, her brother has the flat below Mr. Duncan's. And he heard you come in one night at eight-thirty, and he heard you leave well after midnight. Whereupon Mrs. Broderick remembers seeing you one night at about four in the morning, when she had to get up to let out that precious cat of hers. She was here for lunch to-day, Amanda, everybody is talking about it."

Please turn to page 4



BABY: I told you a baby's life was tough!

MUMMY: Lamb, you were right! Does a baby's skin always feel as uncomfortable as this?

BABY: That depends! A baby's skin can be smooth as a stork's wing. Providing of course, his mother treats him right with Johnson's Baby Powder, and Baby Cream...

MUMMY: I'm willing to learn.

BABY: Right! First lesson, I need lots of soft, cool sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder to keep me silky soft and cool... Then too, I need Johnson's Baby and Toilet Cream to clear up any skin irritations or rashes that happen along.

MUMMY: I've learned my lesson... from now on you will have both.



Johnson's Baby Powder
Johnson's Baby Cream



Johnson & Johnson
PTY. LTD.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS



Yardley Night Cream 6/4

"Bond Street"

Complexion Powder . 4/4

Complexion Milk . 6/4

What more simple than the four-way skin care of Yardley Complexion Milk? Ideal as a quick cleanser, soothing and protective, it is also an excellent foundation for Yardley Powder! And to ward off those fine lines use Yardley Night Cream.

YARDLEY
Beauty
PREPARATIONS

Never Doubt Me

Continued from page 3

AMANDA lighted a cigarette and threw the match viciously into the fire. "In short," she said, "a nice long string of false conclusions—in the name of heaven, what satisfaction do people get out of gossiping?"

"Then they are false conclusions?"

"Of course they're false conclusions," Amanda said levelly.

"Then you ought to be more careful. George Duncan is an attractive young man."

"Look. I've got a job that I'm very fond of. It pays me reasonably well, but they only give me pennies to play around with and I'm expected to work miracles with the pennies. Well, I couldn't get any one experienced to work on my staff for pennies. I had to get George Duncan, and he knows practically nothing about the technicalities, so I had to stand over him, and stand over him." She scowled defiantly.

"On the day they give me a decent budget, I'll start keeping decent hours, but until then I'll do my job as well as it can be done and they can talk their heads off if they like! You don't believe that nonsense, Aunt Louise?"

"Of course not. But a lot of people do!"

"Dirty little minds," she said. "What sort of person do they think I am? I mean, how could they believe it? When I'm engaged to Carr and—in love with Carr—how could they?"

"I suppose because it makes such an interesting situation," Aunt Louise said. "And you've always gone your own way despite the consequences, Amanda, which, I suppose, makes it seem possible to them."

"But you didn't believe it?"

"No, of course not, but I know you pretty well."

"Well, the people who know me will know it isn't true, so I suppose it doesn't matter. But it—it makes me so—angry."

"But it's your fault—you could be more discreet, you know."

"I feel—dirtied. I'm going home for a bath."

She felt better when she had had a bath and had put on her new dress. She straightened up her two rooms a little, then she lit a cigarette and sat down to wait nervously for Carr.

Yes, nervously... And why should she feel nervous? She wished that Aunt Louise hadn't told her about the talk. She got up at last and turned on the radio, and turned it off again. Then the bell rang.

And there was Carr, tall and thin, reticent and unsmiling, saying, "Hello, Amanda," in just his normal, cool, friendly voice. She moved unthinkingly into his arms and held him hard against her, and he laughed a little and kissed the top of her head. "What's the matter?" he said.

"Nothing," she said against his coat. "I just felt lonely. I'm so glad you're here." But the invisible door was closing between them; she didn't feel really with him even now. "Carr," she said, moving away from him, not knowing what she was going to say until she had said it, "have you heard the rumors?"

He took off his overcoat and dropped it on the chair by the door. He looked very remote. "What rumors, darling?"

"About me and George Duncan."

He leaned on the back of the yellow divan, looking absently sideways at the stack of magazines on the table beside it. "Yes, I've heard them," he said, "and I'm awfully glad you've mentioned them."

"Aunt Louise gave me the very latest reports to-day," she said bitterly. "And I'd noticed a sort of—constraint in your manner, Carr." She waited for him to answer, breathless now, her eyes fixed on the top of his fair head.

And he said, still leaning on the back of the yellow divan, still not looking at her, "Yes, I've heard the rumors. Of course, there's no truth in them..." And his voice didn't come down firmly on the end of that sentence. It wavered.

He wasn't sure.

"Well, that's that," she said under her breath, and she wiggled her ring off and tossed it lightly at him. It landed on the centre of one of the cushions.

"What's this for?" he said, astonished. "You don't mean—the rumors are true then?" He looked lost, bewildered.

"You believed them, didn't you?" she said. It was the most unreal thing that had ever happened to her; it was like feeling the building shake in an earthquake.

"Don't be a fool, darling. I didn't believe them or disbelieve them," he said, picking up the ring and coming round to her. "It's just that I was hoping you'd bring them up and squash them—how could I know? You've had something on your mind lately, that was obvious—here, take your ring back." She backed away.

"Are they true then?" he said, looking at her. And then he said angrily, "Why don't you say it, yes or no?"

"I suppose because I hoped you'd have enough faith in me not to need—"

"But I have faith in you—I'll believe you! All I want is something definite—yes or no. Look here, Amanda, I don't care if people talk—they're bound to talk. But it doesn't matter. And I do believe in you—if I should find you standing over a corpse with a smoking pistol in your hand, I'd believe you if you said you hadn't done it. But I'd want to be told, one way or the other. I can't just go believing blindly." He swallowed hard.

"I never thought you were a saint—you're Amanda, and you make mistakes, but if you say you haven't made them, I'll believe you. Isn't that enough?"

"I wouldn't need even that," she said slowly, looking at him with sober eyes. "I wouldn't have to be told. I'd know you couldn't do shoddy things."

"Then there's apparently a difference between us," he said after a moment.

"Yes, there is," she said. "I trust you—or trusted you."

"You've got a romantic heart, Amanda—it's a vulnerable thing to have. You go your own way with your mouth shut and your eyes shut—walking on thin air. You're going to be hurt quite often."

"I realise that now."

"I suppose I should have realised it couldn't be true," he said, quite humbly, and he held out the ring again. "Take the ring back, darling. I'm sorry."

"I'm afraid that isn't good enough for me. It isn't worth going on with. Whenever there was any kind of idle talk, you'd always be ready to believe the worst of me—that isn't the kind of life I want."

"No!" he protested. "I wouldn't believe the worst. I'd just want to be in your confidence—I'd want to be told—"

"Well, that isn't good enough for me."

He dropped the ring in his pocket.

"I'll phone you to-morrow." And that, Amanda told herself bitterly, was how people let you down, as easily as that; that was the way trust failed and faith went to dust under any strain. This wasn't the Carr she had fallen in love with, this was just a man, ordinary, human, humanly doubtful—a realist, a sceptic. What he had felt for her hadn't been love at all—it hadn't been anything that she was willing to call love.



Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?



See for yourself!

Maclean your teeth every morning and every night... that's the way to make and keep your teeth sparkling white. Maclean's Toothpaste has a most pleasant flavour... it tones up the gums and leaves the mouth clean and refreshed.

11d. and 1/4 per tube.

MACLEAN'S TOOTH PASTE

FULL SUPPLIES OF AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER AVAILABLE FROM YOUR GROCER!



Buy it for him...

TRY IT YOURSELF

VITALIS—the double purpose Hair Dressing

FOR MEN WITH THINNING HAIR and LOOSE DANDRUFF. Once a week soak the entire scalp with VITALIS. Rub in briskly and let it remain for a few minutes. Then wash and rinse thoroughly. When the hair is dry, massage the scalp with more VITALIS and work it in vigorously. Comb into place and brush firmly.

FOR WOMEN with either NATURAL or PERMANENT WAVES. Natural waves become more pronounced if you wet the hair slightly when dressing the hair, and then pat VITALIS on the surface. Permanent waves are free of that dry look if you moisten the comb with VITALIS and comb it through before setting the wave.



VITALIS

Manufactured by Bristol-Myers Co. Pty. Ltd. Sydney.

Please turn to page 15

A LOVE LIKE THAT

By DAVID GARTH

INTRIGUED by a chance meeting at a country rodeo with JONATHAN BLAIR, personable young director of the Blair Steamship Line, heiress VALENTINE RANSOME goes to New York to learn more about him.

The result disappoints her bitterly. Jonathan is facing the bankruptcy of his line through his apathetic administration, while his main concern at the moment is to find payment of a loan he had underwritten for actress CAROL WALLACE.

Intensely piqued, Valentine buys up all available Blair stock, and before Jonathan realises what is happening she gains control of the line. To his further dismay and fury, she proceeds to reorganise the company according to her own fancy, calling in BARD CALHOUN, brilliant young advertising executive, as her chief assistant.

Now read on.—

VALENTINE'S bank manager, Mr. Chauncey, was called upon in the next few days to answer several questions by the rather bewildered Mr. Packard, executive vice-president of the Blair Lines. He answered them satisfactorily. Miss Ransome's credit was good. But he called Valentine privately and told her that he hoped these expenditures were not going to continue indefinitely.

Her private fortune, in Mr. Chauncey's opinion, would be dealt some staggering wallop.

Valentine was unconcerned, and Mr. Chauncey bung up, reflecting that a girl like that ought not to have money. Buying that depreciated stock was going to be the cheapest part of the whole affair.

Bard Calhoun was vastly impressed. He spent a lot of time conferring with her and found that her energy was equalled by nothing less than a dynamo, and surpassed only by her enthusiasm over adopting any kind of idea that seemed fresh and new.

She junked the present Blair advertising folders after a half-hour's examination and drew up new forms. She called in ship's architects, demanding revamping of staterooms, galleys, public rooms; sketched designs for furniture in the staterooms and drew a new lay-out for the sports decks.

The prewar panatrophe system of dance music was quickly tossed overboard and she ordered dance orchestras to be engaged. Somebody suggested a cocktail bar on the Orinoco and she instantly approved. She arrived at the office at nine and left at seven.

Bard asked her to a dinner-dance one evening. Valentine instantly approved the idea. She was a wonderful dancer, he discovered, and after that he introduced her to many places—Sardi's, the River Club, the Starlight Roof.

There were all places where Jonathan Blair might very well have been in evidence, but he was conspicuous by his absence. Nor had Jonathan come near the office.

Three days before she was to sail on the Orinoco his absence suddenly assumed a startling stature when Jonathan's close friend Dirk Segrave dropped in to ask her if she knew where he was. Valentine did not know Dirk, but she saw anybody who got past Meggs, and Meggs put a visa on the Segrave passport.

"Corry?" she repeated. "You mean Mr. Blair? Why, no, I don't know where he is. How should I?"

Dirk frowned. "I thought per-

haps he'd been here at the office recently."

"He hasn't been here for over a week."

"Funny," said Dirk puzzled.

"What's funny?" she inquired.

"He seems," Dirk said solemnly, "to have disappeared. Fact. He's discharged his butler and closed up his town apartment. He hasn't been out at his country place either. And he's put his dog in a private kennel out on Long Island. He did that a week ago. Nobody's seen or heard of him since."

Valentine looked at him, somewhat puzzled herself.

"Is this a usual stunt of his?" she inquired.

Dirk shook his head. "No, you could always locate Corry some place or other. But now he's disappeared off the face of the earth. Something funny about it. Not like him to buzz off without leaving any trace."

He lit a cigarette and frowned again through a cloud of smoke.

"His fiancée is out in Chicago and I thought he might have gone out there. I called her, but she says she hasn't seen him since she left New York."

"Fiancee?" said Valentine. "That blonde person?"

"Yes—Carol Wallace. They're not actually engaged," he admitted, "but everybody takes it for granted. Just a matter of them both thinking it a good idea at the same time." Dirk scratched his head. "So now he's not in Chicago, he's kennelled his dog indefinitely, resigned from Saybrook, and you say he isn't here. Well, I don't suppose it's a police matter, but it's funny."

He looked at her estimatingly. "So you're running this outfit now? You—er—can't give me any idea where he's gone—?"

Plainly, Dirk figured she must have some responsibility or knowledge in connection with the astonishing absence from polite society of Corry Blair.

"I don't know anything about him," Valentine told him.

"Funny," mused Dirk. "Well, good-bye, and thanks."

He left, still mystified. Valentine leaned back in her chair and tapped a pencil against her lips.

"Disappeared!" she murmured.

"That's a lovely act. Jonathan Corinthus Blair—you're the biggest washout on record."

Probably sulking somewhere like a spoilt child. Perhaps he'd gone off on an extended spree. Whatever he'd done, he was very disappointing—a far cry from the spontaneous, grinning specimen who'd shown such an aptitude for doing nice, crazy things at a moment's notice.

Suddenly, violently, wholeheartedly, she detested Jonathan Corinthus Blair. He was nothing more or less than an idler with a yellow streak a mile wide. And she'd come from Texas to find that out! Ye gods!

She pushed herself savagely away from the desk and went over to the window.

It was late afternoon and lights were beginning to appear in office buildings. Valentine abruptly felt a queer little longing to be back home in the range country. Fresh warm breeze and golden sunset, galloping horse and smell of leather. Then she shook it off with an impatient shrug of her shoulders.

She'd taken on a job and she was going to see it through. But she did not look forward so much to her cruise on the Orinoco.

The house phone on her desk buzzed, but she did not bother to answer. In fact, she hardly heard it. A few minutes later Bard Cal-



houn opened the door unceremoniously.

"Why," he demanded, "don't you answer your calls?"

She turned. "Sorry, Bard. Come in."

"That has been done. What! Not working? You must be sick."

Valentine said nothing. She stared out of the window, and Bard came on over to the desk. On it was a half-finished sketch of a stateroom plan. She had, apparently, been having a tough time with it.

Impulsively he put his arm around her shoulders and suddenly felt her body tense uncompromisingly.

"Don't, Bard," she said sharply. He took his arm away quickly, startled by her tone.

"Don't tell me," he said, "that a heart of marble beats in that bosom. Haven't you any sentiment? Not right now, but for future note?"

"Sentiment?" said Valentine. "No, Bard. Wrong number."

He knew she meant it. She hit and spoke always from the shoulder. Still he protested. "But, you know, Valentine, when I came in and saw you looking tired and alone, and thought of the job you've taken on—well, I just couldn't kid myself any longer."

"If the rest of the food is as horrible as that coffee, I want to know," Valentine said firmly.

He stopped and waited for her to say something. As she remained silent he let that pass and took a new tack. "You shouldn't be fooling around with a business. How long do you expect to keep it up?"

"As long as my money and ideas hold out."

"You're not doing this for Jonathan—?"

"Jonathan Blair!" Her voice was emphatic. "Heavena, no!"

"But you came East after him—"

"True enough. But just because I was bored at home and thought he'd be rather fun to know. I came on impulse, and that's that."

"You're not in love with him then. I'd thought once that might be the reason."

Her glance was genuinely curious.

"In love with him? I hardly know the man. You're as funny as the rest, Bard. A person does just one thing out of the ordinary and is immediately fixed with a deep motive. I'm not in love with anyone, and really don't care if I ever am."

"Don't say that," he said quickly.

"I haven't known you long, Valentine, but I think I'd close up the bachelor apartment in a minute if you said the word." He paused.

"This scares me to death, but consider my application on file. Healthy, a sense of humor I hope, very neat about the house, and believe in women's rights—what a heck of an advertising conference. I come in to talk about the Blair Lines and end up by talking about myself."

"Go ahead," she smiled.

"Later," said Bard. "What I wanted to tell you was that I'm coming along on the Orinoco. Do you mind?"

"Mind! Why I think it would be perfectly grand."

"Good," said Bard. "Maybe I'll get some advertising ideas for both the Blair Lines and myself. Let's go out and eat."

She liked that in him. He could start on one course and then veer composedly into another with an innate sense of poise. She suddenly found that she liked Bard Calhoun a lot.

Please turn to page 23

AN ORIGINAL MASTERPIECE



The "Orchid" Dreamgown

STYLED BY

KAYSER

IN 'CELANESE' FABRIC



A Hand Painted Orchid
adorns the neckline.

* TRADE MARK.

Quiet Holiday

At least, that's what Paula expected until murder struck suddenly.

BREAKFAST was at eight o'clock. It was twenty minutes past when Paula Freeman entered the dining-room and stood, hesitating, in the doorway. The proprietress swooped down on her.

"Good morning, Miss Freeman!" She looked pointedly at the clock over the sideboard. "No need to ask if your room was comfortable." She led the way over to the table, and pulled out a chair. "I think a family table is so much cosier, don't you?"

Smiling weakly, Paula agreed. She said a general good-morning, indicated her preference for a chop, and took stock of her fellow guests, to whom she had been introduced on her arrival the previous evening at the Mountain Side Guest House, advertised as "the ideal choice for a quiet, enjoyable vacation, excellent table, and mod. cons."

The "cons." she had found to be anything but modern, she was doubtful about the food, but a quick survey of the guests convinced her that quietness would prevail, even to the point of monotony.

There was Mrs. Little, smart up-swept hair, blue-rimmed glasses, and conversation consisting of bright remarks concerning the passing of sugar. There was Mrs. James, rather rigid and accompanied by her son Bob and his fiancée, Betty Jackson, a pleasant enough young couple, but interested only in each other.

An elderly man, with a high, screeching voice, was—Morton? Yes, Morton, a thorough bore, and an unpleasant old man as well. A vacant seat opposite her own. Nice to know she was not the only unpunctual person. Bill Collins was the only absentee. He might, thought Paula, prove a bright spot in this very dull hole.

The remaining guest was Mrs. Hopewood, fair, forty, and kittenish.

Her chop arrived simultaneously with Bill Collins. The chop, as she expected, was tough, and Mr. Collins looked bored and glum.

Mrs. Hopewood fluttered her eyelashes. "Naughty boy! Did you sleep in?"

His reply was short and to the point. "No."

Not very sociable, thought Paula. She looked at him with mild interest. Brown hair, dark eyes deep set in a thin face. Early thirties, she decided. His returned service badge would account for the deep lines round his mouth.

He looked up suddenly and caught her gaze, grinned and winked. Surprised, Paula winked back, and then concentrated on her chop.

After breakfast she set out to visit some nearby falls, a beauty spot recommended by Bob James. It was a beautiful morning, and she thoroughly enjoyed the walk; it was wonderful to find her legs once more doing their duty in a proper manner, without any sign of the ridiculous, fold-up feeling which had resulted from a bad bout of pneumonia and a fortnight in bed.

There were, she discovered, actually three falls, descending one into the other for a distance of several hundred feet, and surrounded on all sides by thick bush, where creepers, vines, and palm trees struggled for supremacy.

Through this jungle a tourist track had been cut and cleared. Paula followed its twists and turns until she reached the start of the second fall. She was beginning to feel tired, and sat down on a rock to rest.

It was very quiet. The only sounds were from the bush—the singing of the birds, odd rustlings among the undergrowth, and the noise of the water tumbling down.

Only once was there any disturbance. A cracking of branches and a small shower of rocks from some-

where above made Paula look up, expecting to see some other holiday-maker emerge round the bend of the path. But no one appeared, there were no further interruptions, and Paula quickly forgot the incident.

On looking at her watch she was surprised to see the time, but although she hurried back the guests were already half-way through lunch—with the exception of Mr. Morton, who had not yet appeared.

"Did you meet him?" asked Betty Jackson. "We've been here over a week, and he has never been late before."

Bob James laughed. "It's a bit of luck, anyway. All I hope, he stays away until lunch is over."

Lunch finished, and still Mr. Morton did not appear. Mrs. James said: "I wonder what has happened to him? Do you think he could have had an accident?"

Bill Collins pushed back his chair. "Well, if you must know, I pushed him over the falls. You'll find the body near the head of the second one."

There was a general laugh, and Bob said: "Congratulations, I have thought about it, but I never had the advantage of being an Army sergeant."

When Paula strolled on to the verandah for a cigarette, Bill was leaning on the rail. He turned and smiled at her.

"You were a sergeant? You haven't been out of the Army long?" she asked curiously.

"A couple of months." He looked at her for a minute, then said, condescendingly, "You know, it's a funny thing. I thought I never wanted to see those islands again, but I have been offered a good job up there so I'm going back. That's the reason I came here—to think it over. The advertisement sounded attractive."

Paula laughed. "I fell for that, too."

He changed the subject abruptly. "Where are you going this afternoon?"

"To sleep," Paula confessed. "I have been rather ill, and the walk this morning made me tired."

Bill looked at her sympathetically. "That's not so good. I'll see you at dinner then?"

But they were to meet before dinner. Waking about four o'clock, Paula decided to have a shower. As she walked along the verandah to the bathroom, she became aware of the guests gathered around two men, one of them in police uniform. As she approached, the other man called to her.

"You will be Miss Freeman, the young lady who was resting? I was just going to send for you."

Paula looked bewildered. "Is anything wrong?" she demanded.

Before he could answer, Bill Collins arrived. "Hullo! What's up?"

Mrs. Hopewood screamed: "There he is! That is the man I was telling you about. He said he did it!"

The man who had first spoken to Paula said, "Please, Mrs. Hopewood." He turned to Bill. "You are Mr. William Collins?"

"Yes!" Bill was frowning. "What is this all about? Who are you?"

"I am Inspector Upway." He indicated his companion, "This is Sergeant Williams, and we are investigating the death of Charles Morton."

"Oh!" Paula gasped.

The inspector went on: "Mr. Morton's body was found in the undergrowth, near the beginning of the second fall. It appeared as though he had been beaten about the head and pushed over the cliff, above the falls. Possibly a clumsy attempt to make it appear he had slipped and fallen. The growth is particularly dense at that spot, and the body did not fall very far before being caught



"I've told you this, but it won't do you any good," she said, turning away.

moment." He looked at the group of people. "Of course, you all understand that you must remain here until this affair is cleared up? I hope it will not take long."

Bill said: "You got here quickly, didn't you?"

Upway said curtly, "We were on a job on the other side of the mountain." He nodded to his companion, "Come on, Williams."

The group on the verandah stayed motionless until the two detectives had driven away. There was a little flurry, and they departed to their rooms, leaving Paula and Bill together.

He looked at her gravely. "You do believe this is just a coincidence?"

Paula was silent for a moment. "Yes," she said, "I think that's all it is."

His face brightened. "Good girl! This is the type of coincidence I don't care about. I think I'll do some snooping of my own. I'll let you know how I get on, after dinner."

Paula watched as he disappeared round the corner of the house, and then, thoughtfully, continued on her way to the shower.

Everyone endeavored to make dinner a normal meal, but there were long, strained silences, and Mrs. Hopewood continued to regard Bill with the deepest distrust. When dinner was over, Bill called Paula outside.

"Have a look at this." "This" was an old unframed photograph of a very pretty blonde woman.

"I came across it when I was going through the old man's things,

By . . .
WYNETTE MEARS

A trick of the light made it seem familiar, and then I couldn't see it again, but I thought you might."

"When you were doing what?" Paula demanded. "I thought they had a policeman—"

"Oh, yes," Bill grinned. "Joe. We were together in some of the tough spots in the war. He's a very decent bloke, Joe."

"He must be," Paula was sarcastic. "Why, for all he knows, you might be the murderer."

Bill said quietly, "You don't know about that, either."

She paused, considering, and then smiled at him. "I'll take the chance."

The moment of tension passed, and she gave her attention to the photograph. "No, I'm sorry, Bill. I haven't a clue."

"All right," he said. His voice was disappointed. "I'll take it back to Joe. He would only let me have it for a little while."

"Just a second! I have an idea," Paula darted into her room and returned with a sketchbook and pencil. "Hold it under the light."

She sketched rapidly. "There! Joe can have his precious photo back."

Bill took the book from her hand and studied it. "That's not bad."

"It's the way I earn my bread and butter. Magazine illustrator," she explained. "Like to pose for me?" She laughed at his expression. "Hurry up, before Joe comes after you. I'll wait here."

Bill was back in a couple of seconds. "What now?"

Paula said, "Fifteen years or so can make a tremendous difference, but there are only two women here who could be the woman in the photograph—Mrs. Little and Mrs. Hopewood. I am going to try and see if either of their faces would fit this." She waved the sketch.

"Start with the Hopewood," said Bill.

Paula giggled, as her pencil moved quickly. "No go. Definitely not Hopewood. I'll try Mrs. Little."

Bill watched over her shoulder, as with skilful strokes she transformed the blonde hair into grey, fattened the jawline, and added glasses.

He whistled, "The hussy!"

"Well," said Paula, "all we want now is the reason why Mr. Morton should have an old photo of Mrs. Little. They didn't appear to know each other. Of course, we could ask her, but I don't think it would do any good."

Bill said: "My guess is the old devil was blackmailing her for something that happened about the time the photograph was taken. It's only a hunch, as the Yanks say. But I am a firm believer in hunches. I know a bloke who might be able to help us."

"You knew him in the Army?" Paula queried.

"There were a lot of chaps in the Army," Bill was severe. "As it happens, that is where I met Donaldson. Before the war he covered all the police cases for one of the leading rags and it is surprising the things he knows about people you've never even heard of. It won't do any harm to give him a ring." He thought a moment.

"There is a telephone box outside the post office, isn't there? Independent of the post office? Come on then."

It was a ten-minute walk from the guest-house to the village—one store, a baker's shop, a butcher, the post office and newsagent, and the telephone booth.

It took fifteen minutes for a tumbling Bill to arouse the exchange. Eventually, he got his call, there was a period of conversation, and Bill emerged looking excited.

"I believe we are on to something. Donaldson says the names sound familiar. He's going to ring me to-morrow at two."

"Two! That's a long time to wait."

Bill laughed. "It will pass, and while it's passing I shall show you some of the local beauty spots and tell you, in detail, why I'm partial to grey eyes and red hair."

Please turn to page 30



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or we'll be
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SHE GAVE HIM Wings



By...
FRANK NUNN

I'M always sticking out my neck. I can't help it. When I get the urge I just have to swing into an act, taking off somebody.

Most often it's Miss Cannot, the Air Hostess Superintendent, who trained me in my hostessing duties; or Captain Lent, who is as mechanical as the automatic pilot we call "George"; or Mr. Lofty, the general manager of the Pacific-Indian Airline on whose payroll my name, Pat Lyons, appears.

I always get caught doing it; I'm a glutton for punishment it seems. But here I am again going into my routine. And it's Miss Cannot again.

My customers are her new pupils, a bevy of eager, glamorous girls. They have been released from the classroom to watch our Skymaster touch down after a record flight from San Francisco to Melbourne. It's the first of several the P.I.A. are taking delivery of and she looks a beauty.

Everybody on the airport is clustered around her, everybody, that is, except a fellow in a dirty overall who is leaning against a hangar down the line a way. But he doesn't matter, so I snap into a pose.

"Girls," I drone, "you must always remember the passengers are watching you. Upon you rest their confidence and their comfort. So you must always carry yourself with poise, because nothing destroys a sense of trust and security quicker than a slovenly bearing."

I glare a little and continue: "You must always remember, too, that you are one of the crew and should be able to identify aircraft, understand aircraft parts, and have a general knowledge of astronomy so that you will be able to assist the captain if needed."

Changing my voice, I become coy. "Have you ever gazed at the stars, girls, with your head on the shoulder of a boy? It is much more interesting studying astronomy this way than by text-book. I recommend it."

I have their attention and they are giggling. I gesture largely. Miss Cannot is a very large person who must have reduced the payload of the lines considerably when she

was flying. I lay my head on my shoulder and gaze upward and I am looking into Miss Cannot's eyes.

"Miss Lyons," she says, "when you have finished entertaining the girls I will take them to inspect the Skymaster. Are you through, Miss Lyons?"

My head slips off my shoulder and hangs. "Yes," I say meekly.

The girls follow her across the tarmac, remembering their deportment. I feel remorseful standing outside the waiting-room all alone, and kick the concrete. Miss Cannot is a good stick really, and I shouldn't make fun of her.

Then somebody says, "Swell act, sister, did she bawl you out?"

I look up, and there is the over-alled fellow grinning at me. He has blue eyes and a poise of his own which the overalls can't hide or distort. But I won't let him see that I'm impressed.

"What—" I ask coolly, "has it got to do with you?"

"Fair enough," he says. "Did you come in on that street-car?"

He means the Skymaster. "Yes," I say.

"Did you, did you?" he carols. "How is San Francisco?"

Nobody could ask such a question in such an eager, hungry way unless San Francisco is his home town. I had fed up, but now I am thawing out.

"What do you want to know about San Francisco?" I ask.

He looks at his watch. "Listen," he says, "I don't want to keep you standing around on an airport for the next ten hours. What if you and I had lunch somewhere?"

I look him over more carefully. I'm pretty wary of entertaining such suggestions, but now I see a nice-looking fellow who is homesick.

"Very well," I say kindly, and he starts peeling off his overall right away.

It's much like feeding a quiz-master all the way into town by taxi. At the restaurant he's still asking questions. "What did you think of the cable cars climbing the hill?" he asks. "Aren't they cute?"

I hate to tell him that we had

"What if you and I have lunch somewhere?" he said eagerly.

cable trams here in Melbourne and threw them out a long way back.

"Very nice," I say, and decide to find out a little for myself. "If you're so crazy about San Francisco," I ask, "what are you doing this side of the Pacific?"

He sighs. "Flying," he says. "This is where I get my pay-check, so I have to be around."

"What sort of flying?" I ask.

"Freight," he says, and he leans across the table. He likes the job, it seems, almost as much as he loves San Francisco.

"We bought a fleet of Dakotas from the Army," he tells me. "Ed Heston and me and we've opened up an air trade route between here and Hongkong. Say, haven't you heard of the H.I.A.C.A.T.?"

I wish I could say yes to that; he's hanging on quite breathlessly for my answer. "Spell it out," I say.

"It means," he interprets, "the Heston-Ingram-Australian-China-Air-Transport. I'm the Ingram part. Chet Ingram. We call it the 'Hicat' for brevity."

"Indeed I should think so. You'd never get that line painted on the body of a Skymaster even."

"It'll fit in along the aeroplane I've designed," he says and then stops suddenly and edges back off the table.

I don't know what's bitten him, but pass it off. Everybody's designing planes these days. It isn't anything. "And so you fly to China," I say. "What do you freight, Chet?"

He leans over again. "We fly up woollen pieces, medicines, vaccines, photographic supplies, and fly down—"

"I know. Birds' nests!" I say.

We are penned up in a little cubicle. The decor is smart and colorful. There are dim lights and

beautiful flowers. There is an ear sticking out from the side of Chet's backrest. The ear is not part of the decor; it is human, large, yellow.

I can't see who it belongs to because the partition is high, but, by the way it twitches, it belongs to somebody with a large bump of curiosity. I think it looks familiar.

Chet is grinning. He is a nice boy, and he doesn't mind being kidded about his freight. Some pilots I know are snobs with their wings and gold lace, but Chet is not like that. He is wearing an old uniform without badges or insignia, not even wings. His peaked cap, hanging from a peg, seems to drip engine oil and honest sweat.

He's one of these new Merchant Airmen, and he's proud of it in a quiet sort of way.

I forget the ear because Chet's grin is so fascinating.

"Look," he says, "I'd rather fly a freighter than a crack liner any day. I was brought up on pictures of freighters, and my pop read me manifests for nursery rhymes. He was a skipper of a dirty little freighter, but how he loved her."

"I've got a lot of respect for air transport," I say, and he looks pleased. Then his face falls a little.

"If only," he mourns, "I'd got my Super-Freighter designed before the war finished. Now the aeroplane plants are all too busy fooling round with jet and rocket stuff, wanting to crack the speed of sound. Look, Pat, maybe speed cuts the cost of carrying things by half, and sometimes it means plenty to catch a market, but comets are expensive babies, they burn themselves up."

"My pop knows. He used to plug round the world and the fast ships would make him roll in their wakes, but pop would spend no time at all in dry docks, and he paid off better."

He smiles again, ruefully this time.

"That's what my freighter is, Pat, a slow job with heaps of space. It's got a pay-load like pop's old ship, and it won't need skilled engineers or special equipment to keep it flying. But they don't want it."

Please turn to page 31

So good for baby . . .



Fill the measure with more powder than is necessary.

Press powder very firmly into measure with flat blade of a knife and scrape off level.



Place the powder on top of warm (previously boiled) water.

Stir briskly until powder is completely dissolved.



(Replace lid as soon as measuring is finished.)



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Dresses that swirl . . .

● Simple classic lines distinguish Adrian's dance frock, with a low-cut, perfectly fitted bodice and a huge, billowing, swirling skirt. This is a timeless silhouette. Have it in a dramatic pure color or in black, in taffeta or velvet. Use it as a basic. Pin a corsage of flowers to it or dress it with wonderful costume jewellery. It will look right either way.

● The Australian-made dress on the right has the new floating fan-pleated skirt, which is making a decided comeback. Below at the right is a Malynaux gold lame ball gown with a graceful and elegant skirt.



● Strawberry-red faille makes the dress above especially planned for dancing by famous American designer Gilbert Adrian. There are yards of material in its swirling skirt and ruffles at the shoulders in which to nestle real flowers. Adrian says "a good dress has simplicity and a sense of classical rightness that makes it wearable until it falls apart." This dress has that rightness.



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A PENETRATING LATHER —
KEEPS SKIN RADIANTLY LOVELY

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Complexion Care
of 9 out of every
10 Film Stars

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THE *Paris* LINE

★ Four styles show daring, original line for which Parisian designers are famous. Similar styles will be seen in The Australian Women's Weekly French Fashion Parades.



● In this frock by Jean Dessès the sophisticated barrel skirt is shown at its best. The frock is made of black crepe with off-the-shoulder neckline and a wide band of applied white leaves is used as decoration on the skirt. Gloves of same material as frock are current French vogue.

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 26, 1947



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● Designer of this becoming off-the-face hat is Albouy and it is called Jean Bart. Made in natural colored straw it looks best with a tulleur or a simple tailored frock.



● Chief interest in the Magda model above is the asymmetrical line of the shoulder drape and the skirt. Grey fern leaf motif on a tobacco-brown ground is the smart color scheme of the Magda afternoon frock on the right.



The Lighter Side

I AM grimly determined this week to write about my nephew Egbert. There have been times when I would have liked to write him "off" instead of "up." However, since he serves to illustrate certain points which concern the welfare of more worthy children, I now push Egbert into ill-deserved limelight. Here he is absorbing the adventures of Superdrake the Knife Slinger.



The point I wish to make is that even if there were a Mazda-fitted reading lamp in this picture, the bulb would be too far away from the floor to give Egbert the light he needs. Although it is inconceivable that your children would ever adopt Egbert's unspeakable postures see that they're near a good Mazda-equipped reading lamp whenever they study or read. By so doing you'll do much to avoid the necessity for this sort of thing:



You can do a lot towards preventing eyestrain if you remember that a 100-watt Mazda should be the minimum for any room in which close "seeing" has to be done. Incidentally, you'll be wise to remember that if your offspring already wears glasses, defective eyes need good Mazda light even more than normal eyes.



Above I am pictured (by an artist whom I intend to sue), reading Schopenhauer to my appalling nephew. The only redeeming feature about this libellous portrayal is the lamp.

Whether you are reading German philosophy, *Forever Amber*, or the latest from the Government Statistician, see that your lamp is fitted with a Mazda of adequate wattage. It prevents eyestrain. It means that your eyes, your outlook, and your disposition will, like Mazda Lamps themselves, stay brighter longer.

Lennie Lumens

Advertisement of Australian General Electric Proprietary Ltd.
Distributors for The British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd., England.



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7

**ESSENTIALS
TO
GOOD HEALTH**

1. Don't over-eat. Choose your daily diet from meat, bread, milk, eggs, cereals, fruit or vegetables.
2. Chew food thoroughly
3. Take a daily bath.
4. A long walk, or similar exercise, each evening is suggested for office and other non-manual workers.
5. Get 8 hours' sleep in room with opened windows.
6. Cultivate cheerful outlook: don't worry.
7. Maintain Internal Cleanness by regular daily habits. In this you will find Coloseptic of great assistance. Coloseptic checks autotoxemia (self-poisoning). A level teaspoonful of Coloseptic in a glass of water morning or night, once or twice a week, is sufficient after perfect relief is obtained. Coloseptic is on sale at all Chemists and Stores and is prepared by Coloseptic (Australia) Ltd., 10 O'Connell St., Newtown, New South Wales.

3080

BUTCH



"Surely you don't want to read in to-morrow's paper that you overlooked my wife's £1000 painting?"

Never Doubt Me

Continued from page 4

AUNT LOUISE had said sturdily, "Of course I don't believe it," but Carr had wavered and wondered. And there never had been so bleak and dreary a world as the one she woke up to the next day. All her plans, all her bridges to the future had been wiped out. At times she thought in the old way, "When Carr and I—", and then was aware of an enormous loss.

It was a cold, bleak day, too. Marian sat in the little outer office opening the post under the electric light; Mrs. Lorimer was shouting somewhere. Amanda went into her own little office and turned on the lamp and didn't want to sit down at her desk, didn't want to start the day's work.

But Marian brought in the morning's post, and then one of the salesmen came in with a long and complicated story about some provincial shopkeeper who had done such-and-such and said such-and-such and what was he supposed to do in such cases? She got rid of him finally, and then it was eleven o'clock and Marian came in with a proof of the layout from the printer's.

"How's the child?" Amanda asked mechanically.

"Much better. He had a temperature again, but it went down overnight."

"Good," Amanda said, and unrolled the proof. And then she gave a bitter exclamation.

"That half-witted printer! He can't read English. Or doesn't try to. Oh, you can't depend on anyone." She stared at the layout, furious and tired and depressed. "Which reminds me. You're as bad as the rest. If you're given time off to look after your child, why use it for joy-riding with the boy-friend? I saw you yesterday." It wasn't the gentle scolding that she had prepared, but it was satisfying to let her wrath out.

The tears came promptly into Marian's wide brown eyes. "Oh, Miss Miller, surely you don't think—"

"I don't think anything. But I saw you. I want an explanation, if you have one—or a denial."

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 6085W, G.P.O., Sydney.

"But surely you trust me—surely you—"

"I don't think I trust anyone any more," Amanda said. "But for heaven's sake, don't cry, you idiot—tell me if I'm wrong. Just tell me yes or—". And she stopped and looked at Marian without seeing her because Carr's words were echoing in her head: "All I want is something definite, yes or no."

She trusted Marian completely. Marian was the faithful horse, true as steel, but even Marian—human beings were human beings, liable to err if tempted. And even Aunt Louise had said, "Then they are false conclusions?" But she hadn't minded that, because the difficult, troublesome element of love hadn't been there to confuse things, as it wasn't here now. Everything was clarifying itself. You couldn't pin your faith to thin air, not when human beings were involved.

"Just tell me yes or no," she said breathlessly. "I'll believe you. Were you joy-riding or did I misinterpret?"

"I drove back with Dr. Costello to get a prescription and went home on the bus," Marian said, tears on her cheeks. "I don't suppose you'll believe me."

"Of course I do. And I'm sorry. I just wanted to know." And there was no crime in wanting to know. The crime was in not wanting to be told. The crime was in being told and then not believing. She put on her coat again. "I'll be back," she said, "in about an hour."

But she didn't have to go to Carr. Carr was in the dark corridor, looking very odd with all his elegance in such a grimy setting. He said, pushing the door shut behind him, "I came over to see you. There's nothing like the morning after for making the night before look silly."

"It wasn't so silly," she said. "I should have told you right away that there wasn't any truth in those stories—no truth at all."

"I know."

"You know now."

"Yes, I know now," he said ruefully.

"Next time you'll know the truth before you hear the stories—I mean I'm going to talk more. If people talk, so will I."

"But I'm still sorry, Amanda. Really. Perhaps when I get to know you better I won't have to be told so much."

"In time, no doubt," she said unsteadily, "in about fifty years," and felt tears in her eyes, not because she was unhappy any more, but because she was where she belonged, in Carr's arms, and she could look forward again to the long years. She would be with him.

(Copyright)

The Lady Moyra Forester

The only daughter of the Marquis of Ormonde, the Lady Moyra Forester has the distinctive beauty of dark hair with lovely lights, hazel eyes with long lashes, small straight nose, finely shaped mouth and an enchanting complexion. Like famous beauties all over the world, she is a Pond's Beauty! "I believe in the Pond's way to a lovely skin," she says.



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Princess Elizabeth is radiant with happiness

Long wait for King's consent was ordeal for young couple

By ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

In every public appearance since her engagement Princess Elizabeth has looked radiantly happy. The British people are delighted to see their Princess and her Philip together, looking exactly as two young engaged people should look, gay, charming, and in love.

"She looked wonderful," the photographers who took the first pictures of the engaged couple told me.

SHE stood, laughing, natural, and as gay as any young girl should look when she is engaged, when she and Lieut. Philip Mountbatten posed for photographs in the Bow Room at Buckingham Palace.

Princess Elizabeth fiddled with her new engagement ring, blushed when it was admired.

They made their first appearance together as an engaged couple at the garden party at Buckingham Palace.

For the first time at a garden party the King "took a back seat." In fact, he seemed to lose himself in his uniform of Admiral of the Fleet in a crowd of young American naval officers who were on a goodwill visit to London.

It was Princess Elizabeth's day, and, like any other family, the King and Queen were standing back watching their beloved elder daughter in her happiness.

Lady Jellicoe was one of the first to offer her congratulations. As friends of the Royal Family and their guests curtsied and offered their good wishes, the rain clouds cleared away and blue skies shone on Elizabeth and Philip.

With Philip by her side Princess Elizabeth almost danced across the green lawns among Their Majesties' guests.

It was infectious. All the charm and gaiety that is in her warm and happy nature seemed to bubble to the surface.

She forgot no one. She talked with foreign diplomats, with old friends, and with young women she had known in the A.T.S.

She laughed when well-wishers commiserated that the secret had leaked out before the announcement.

"Well, we kept it long enough," she told the Dowager Lady Somers and her daughter, the Honorable Mrs. Herby Bathurst.

Lieut. Mountbatten, walking beside her, put at their ease those who were not too sure whether to curtsy to the fiancée of a Princess or confine their greetings to an inclination of the head.

He looked, as he is, the perfect match for the young Princess.

It is very much in keeping with Princess Elizabeth's character that, having made up her mind about Lieut. Philip, nothing would cause a change of heart.

The whole world discussed her possible engagement to the then Prince Philip of Greece.

But with that reticence that is part of her nature—and which has been further developed in her long training as Heiress Presumptive—she cleverly kept her feelings to herself.

For nearly eight months Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip were not seen together.

But they met in secret.

Not far from Lord Mountbatten's Chester Street house is the South Gate to Buckingham Palace.

Through these high doors the youthful naval officer would drive, and, walking over the green lawns of the Palace, he would enter the private apartments through the garden gate.

In the intimacy of the family circle Elizabeth and Philip's romance developed. The King and



PRINCESS ELIZABETH and Lieut. Philip Mountbatten smile happily at each other as they pose for news photographers on their engagement day. (Radiogram).

Queen watched their beloved elder daughter. They wanted to be sure there would be no change of heart.

Before the South African tour Prince Philip asked the King for her hand. But still the Royal parents felt there was plenty of time. The King asked them to wait.

The long months of waiting were bridged by letters—love letters writ-

ten by Princess Elizabeth on the ever-moving Royal train; love letters written by Prince Philip at the naval establishment in Wiltshire. But the strain of waiting was telling on the young Princess.

There were many in South Africa who wondered why she smiled so little.

But to those who surrounded her it was no secret. She was pining for the young lieutenant to whom she had lost her heart.

When she returned to London more than a stone lighter, with the rosiest glow from her cheeks, her governess, Miss Crawford, was alarmed.

Was it because she could not wed the young lieutenant to whom she looked so lovesick?

But Princess Elizabeth took no one into her confidence. That is, no one but her sister Margaret.

Even to her father she would not confess that waiting for his consent was almost as great a strain as she could bear.

On the Royal Family's return from South Africa the young couple made up their minds to go together to the King and ask his consent.

A date was set for the official announcement of the engagement. But the "top secret" leaked out a day before. It is typical of Princess Elizabeth that she carried out her official duties and private engagements that day without her fiancé.

During the whole of their courtship Lieut. Mountbatten has not spent one penny on his bride-to-be.

It is a question of etiquette, of course. Any young man entertaining a Royal Princess must be reimbursed from the privy purse. Except for a few presents on birthdays, and at Christmas, his first real expenditure on the Princess was the handsome diamond ring—a single stone flanked with baguets.

But what it did cost him eventually to win the Princess' hand was the £10/2/6 for his naturalisation certificate.

About one week of his pay as a naval lieutenant. With that barrier removed, he was free to press his suit.

See pictures on pages 26 and 27



BEARDED. Lieut. Philip relaxing in pair of borrowed old flannel bags before lunch at house-party at Connorsville, Cressy, Tasmania, during his wartime visit here



CLEAN-SHAVEN. He reappeared after lunch minus beard and posed for snap with Sir Ernest Clarke, then Governor of Tasmania, and fellow-guest.

Philip is Prince Charming to everyone...

By MARY COLES of our Melbourne staff

From a strictly feminine point of view Princess Elizabeth is the luckiest girl in the world. I fell in love with Philip myself one crisp winter morning in Melbourne two years ago.

Incidentally it was I who asked him at a Press interview if he was married, to which he replied "God forbid," possibly his most quoted remark, and perhaps his stock reply.

HE was a dashing debonair naval lieutenant with a disconcerting wit and ability to toss off Australian slang in a superbly English voice.

The Press interview at which I met him was a command performance as far as he was concerned. He was ordered from "higher up" to grant an interview.

He is tall, slimly built, and has the bluest eyes I have ever seen. At that time he had not shaved his famous red-gold beard.

The blue eyes danced with mischief and misgiving as he stood and surveyed the scene, hugging a tin of "fifties."

Introductions were mumbled. Then we were all sharing his cigarettes and wondering just where to begin. Philip perched on the edge of a desk with an amused air of studied casualness, like a cat holding its ground against dubious terriers.

After telling us he much preferred to be incognito, he said, speaking rapidly:

"I smoke a pipe once in a while and about 50 cigarettes a day. I think Sydney Harbor is very beautiful—Melbourne very well planned

"Now, is that what you want?"

One eye was on the door with the idea of making a strategic retreat.

After peremptorily dismissing a few more stereotyped inquiries about his titles and service with the Royal Navy he shrugged his shoulders and sighed.

"I honestly don't know why you've all come along here—there is nothing interesting about me—really."

Completely under his spell like the rest of us, a feminine colleague hastily assured: "Oh! But you're so glamorous!"

"Glamorous," he snuffed. "I'm

nothing but a discredited Balkan nobleman." Another much-quoted remark.

In spite of his emphatic statement on marriage, when he agreed to pose for a quick picture outside by our photographer after the conference had ended, feminine intuition reared its head, and I whispered: "Do you know Princess Elizabeth?"

Very simply he whispered back: "Yes, I do."

Happily I retired with the feeling I had discovered all I wanted to know.



LIEUT. PHILIP IN AUSTRALIA. This picture was taken at a cheery house-party at Connorsville, Cressy, Tasmania, station home of Mrs. R. G. O'Connor (right), standing beside Philip, with Frank Fogarty, of Melbourne (left), and Mrs. O'Connor's attractive nieces "Teddy" Collins (in riding breeches) and her sister Diane (now Mrs. Bob Simpson, of Adelaide).

THE ROYAL BETROTHAL

THE pleasure with which news of the Royal betrothal has been received throughout the Empire is intense.

Since Princess Elizabeth was born in London 21 years ago, she has been the focus of affectionate interest to all.

Her loyal well-wishers are delighted with the romance, delighted that there was someone so young, handsome, and charming as Lieut. Philip Mountbatten within the circle of possible suitors.

A princess, especially the Heiress Presumptive to the greatest throne in the world, has not the free choice of an ordinary girl.

Her husband must be acceptable, not only to her family and friends, but also to the Parliaments and peoples of her homeland and the Dominions beyond the seas.

So nothing could be more welcome than the engagement of this couple, so well matched in charm, youth, and rank, and in training for the tasks ahead of them.

Prince Philip enters no easy life when he becomes a member of the Royal household.

Every member of the British Royal Family is a worker, constantly called upon to sacrifice personal inclinations to the demands of duty.

Together Elizabeth and Philip now face a great destiny.

Two of the greatest eras of British history occurred when the country had a Queen at its head—in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria.

Princess Elizabeth's engagement comes in troublous times, but the faith of the British people in their future makes it no idle hope that she may some day rule over another age of greatness.

The felicitations now overwhelming Elizabeth and Philip are two-fold. We wish them great personal happiness as man and wife and we wish them strength, wisdom, and success in the vast responsibilities they must eventually assume as Queen and Prince Consort.



SPROD LOOKS AT LIFE: Dad makes out his income-tax return.

It seems to me....

MOST people react to filling in forms the way Sprood shows in the drawing above. But—Isn't it awful?—I like filling in forms.

Or, I don't mean I like paying income tax any better than you do. But I adore the form-filling part of it, whether it's census, income tax, or even those very personal questionnaires you get when you take out insurance.

So I got form S bright and early this July and read it through from end to end, just in case there was any loophole I'd missed in the way of deductions.

Sure enough, paragraph 14 of the instructions, headed "Losses and Outgoings," reads in part: "A taxpayer is entitled to a deduction of all losses and outgoings (except losses or outgoings of capital or of a capital, private or domestic nature) to the extent which they are incurred in gaining or producing the assessable income."

In that case I can't see why you shouldn't write off practically all your income as a deduction.

There are the fares incurred in reaching your place of employment; the clothes necessary to making a respectable appearance in said place of employment; and the food eaten to give the strength to do the job.

And why do we spend money on entertainment except to brighten us up sufficiently in order to face working next day?

AFTER spending a few refrigerated days and nights in Canberra on the trail of Monty for last week's issue, I'm prepared to endorse the Government meteorologist who announced a while back that Canberra is the coldest capital in Australia.

The Canberra people said that it wasn't really cold, and that one should go there in August to know what low temperatures are like.

That's all very well, but I doubt that the residents go looking for the post office at midnight, wandering in Burke and Willsian circles in the icy fog that enshrouds the leafless, frozen trees in Canberra's parks.

Getting lost in Canberra is rapidly acquiring a position like that of mothers-in-law among the basic jokes.

Like the mother-in-law joke, it has its foundation in fact. There are those who maintain that it is not possible to get lost in the few hundred yards across the park from Parliament House to the Hotel Canberra.

They lie in their teeth. I've proved it on four visits. Only on this, the fifth, did I learn when not travelling in convoy to set my compass by a strategically placed drinking fountain on the route.

IN the intervals of shaking off icicles I worked out several natty ideas for dress reform—women's, not men's.

I don't know why we're so superior about men in summer, when in winter we wrap ourselves in wool and fur from neck to knee, and then leave 18 inches of ourselves with one thin layer of silk between us and the climate.

Slacks are the only practical wear for winter. You could have special Canberra and Melbourne models lined with sheepskin.

And don't tell me they wouldn't suit your figure. You could have a knee-length coat, which would take care of the section you're worrying about.

BY



Dorothy Drain

IF, as is expected, the British Government relaxes its attitude about fraternisation with German prisoners of war, authorities think there will be 2000 marriages between German prisoners and British girls.

The British Government will be doing the only thing it can do. If it did not allow the marriages there would undoubtedly be more and more associations which would produce illegitimate children.

The progress of these anti-fraternisation bans is always the same.

They're made with good enough reasons; they're gradually broken down, and finally a Government throws up its hands and legalises the situation.

It proves that it's possible to hate people in the mass, extremely difficult to continue to hate individuals international marriages have more difficulties than others, even if between allies and without the frightful complications of war.

I know a girl married (happily) to an American, who says that at first she couldn't help getting infuriated when a few of her husband's boy friends were gathered together and made reminiscent cracks about the inconveniences of life down under.

She says: "I found myself defending Sydney trams, and attacking central heating as unhealthy. Luckily we both saw that it was silly to irritate each other with little jibes about each other's countries."

"But I can tell you that 'forsaking all others' bit in the marriage service has a more serious implication when you marry someone from another land."

SING a song of saucers, a bottle full of rye,
Are they wicked weapons, or spots before the eye?

When the sky's examined, none can find a thing,
But aren't they a diverting dish to see upon the wing?

IT'S a pity to be more cynical than necessary in a world that's already cynical enough, but that UNO plan to ban the atom bomb seems pretty worthless.

What's the use of banning one weapon of war, even if it is a particularly vicious one?

You can be killed just as dead by a bow and arrow as by a split atom.

Laying down gentlemanly rules of war which allow one kind of weapon and not another is farcical, as has been proved before.

A fat lot of attention the Japanese paid the Geneva Convention, for instance.

If there were any possibility of all nations abiding by an agreement to ban any weapon or any kind of barbaric behaviour, then it would be quite easy to ban war itself.

That, of course, would be eminently sane and simple. But not very likely just yet.

ORSON WELLES, who is making a film of "Macbeth," has introduced a new character, a Friar.

Shakespeare can't lodge any complaint. Yet I bet if Orson had written the original script he'd expect everyone else to let Welles alone.

Interesting People



MR. KENNETH READ

tea is safety factor. ARRIVING from England recently to be Deputy Tea Commissioner of New Zealand. Mr. Kenneth Read says, "Tea is great safety factor in industry. It minimises risk of accident because it keeps workers at peak level." Part of his job of organising tea services will be teaching industrial canteen workers correct method of tea-making, economical brewing, time-saving, value of tea break at set times. Was captain in Queen's Royal Regiment during war.



MRS. CHARLES RUSSELL

represents rural women. CHARMING representative of rural women abroad is Mrs. Charles Russell, touring Australia and New Zealand to report on war work of Council of Associated Country Women of the World. Says: "Rural women will play big part in bringing about order in food situation, as they learn value of foods in bringing up a family." Born in New Zealand, she has lived in Sydney, Tasmania, and for past 27 years in England.



MR. OLIVER KING

banker and singer. RETIREMENT from his job as a bank manager will be start of new career for Oliver King, of Sydney, founder of "Singers of Australia" and Federated Music Clubs of Australia. He has always believed he could make singing his career and regards his recital at Sydney Town Hall, on August 4, as beginning of it. Has had lifetime of training here and in London, where Sir Henry Wood, among others, praised him highly.

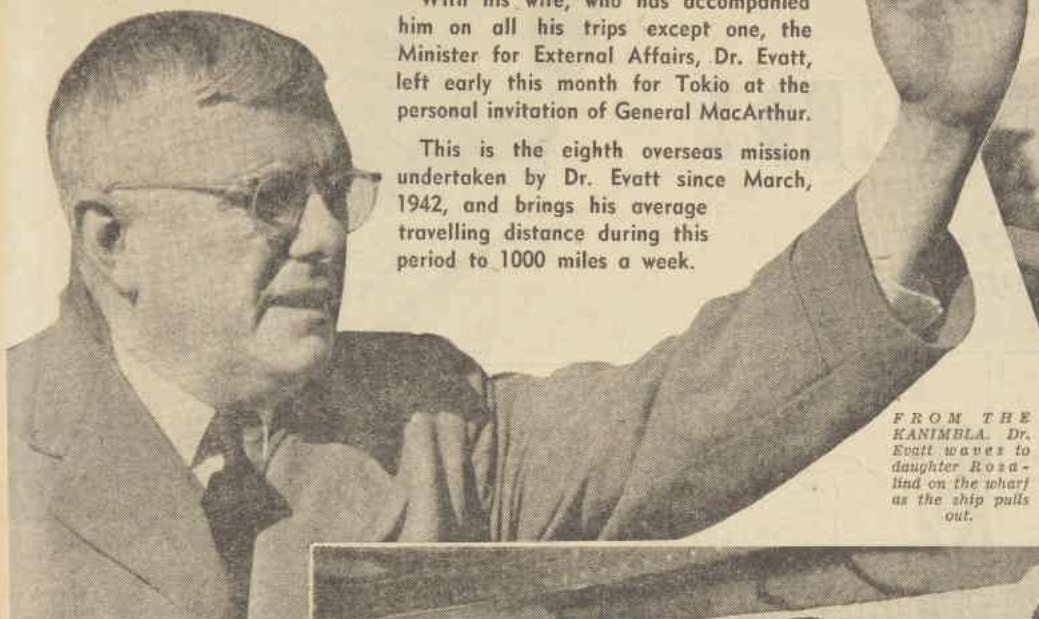
Dr., Mrs. Evatt off to Tokio

Friendship between Australian Minister and American General is long-standing

To visit General and Mrs. MacArthur

With his wife, who has accompanied him on all his trips except one, the Minister for External Affairs, Dr. Evatt, left early this month for Tokio at the personal invitation of General MacArthur.

This is the eighth overseas mission undertaken by Dr. Evatt since March, 1942, and brings his average travelling distance during this period to 1000 miles a week.



FROM THE KANIMBLA. Dr. Evatt waves to daughter Rosalind on the wharf as the ship pulls out.

NO previous mission, perhaps, will have as far-reaching consequences to this country as the renewing of friendship and goodwill between two outstanding personalities who represent Australia and the United States.

It comes at a time when the maintaining of goodwill between the two countries is of paramount importance.

Before he left, Dr. Evatt made it clear that his visit was in response to the personal invitation of the General, with whom he is on terms of firm friendship.

But the visit may affect a number of questions of vital importance to Australia.

The party travelled under austerities conditions, for the Kanimbla has not been reconverted, and was carrying more than 400 occupation troops and nurses.

Dr. Evatt accepted the first transport which could be made available by the Naval Board for the mission, and will return on H.M.A.S. Hobart on August 13.

While in Tokio, the Evatts will stay at American Headquarters as General MacArthur's guests, and Mrs.



MRS. EVATT, Dr. Evatt, and Rear-Admiral G. D. Moore photographed on board the Kanimbla before Dr. and Mrs. Evatt left for Japan.

Evatt will have a chance to cement her friendship with Mrs. MacArthur. The two wives met formally at Canberra, when Mrs. MacArthur was here with the General in 1942, and they already have a great deal in common.

Mrs. MacArthur has a small son, and Mrs. Evatt a son and daughter. Both women are noteworthy for their personal charm and the intelligent interest they have shown in their husbands' careers.

A staff of four Australians accompanied Dr. Evatt on his mission—Major Jim Plimsoll, Mr. John Quinn, Mr. A. B. (Jim) Jamieson, and former journalist Mr. F. J. McLean. The visit is of special significance

for slim, quiet-spoken John Quinn, formerly Diplomatic Representative in the Far East. Attached to the Singapore headquarters of the Department of External Affairs, he was captured by the Japanese early in the war and interned in Java.

Although in ill-health, the Japanese refused to repatriate him, and he was interned for more than two years. Treatment at the camp was among the most brutal inflicted by the Japanese on P.O.W.s and internees.

Linguist of the group is Jim Jamieson, former Mollison Scholar at Melbourne University, who went to Japan in 1933 to lecture and do newspaper work.

He was in Japan last year with the Far East Commission, and so was able to advise Dr. Evatt's party on the clothing they should take with them.

Although they may be in Tokio less than a week, they are arriving at the height of the Japanese summer, which is dry and uncomfortable.

Tropical suits and sun hats are essentials, and during his stay with General MacArthur Dr. Evatt will discard his business suits in favor of lighter clothes.

Major Jim Plimsoll, who flew back from Washington a few days before the party sailed, will handle all Dr.

Evatt's secretarial work on the mission.

He is a graduate in economics, and has been working with the Far Eastern Commission in Washington for the past two years.

From the very outset of her marriage, Mrs. Evatt has found her home and family life often interrupted by a sudden half-way-round-the-world tour.

But she accepts her lot with the serenity and calm which have enabled her to bring up a family, run a house, and help her husband in a thousand and one ways with his political career.

The Evatts are a firm-knit, affectionate family, devoting their private time to reunions at Canberra, or, when it can be managed, at their charming home in Turramurra.

Dr. Evatt's daughter Rosalind, who is now accompanying her parents at many functions was among those farewelling the Evatts when they left on the Kanimbla.

On his return, Dr. Evatt will go straight to Canberra, where an announcement is expected to be made on the results of his talk with General MacArthur.

Shortly afterwards he will leave once again for America.

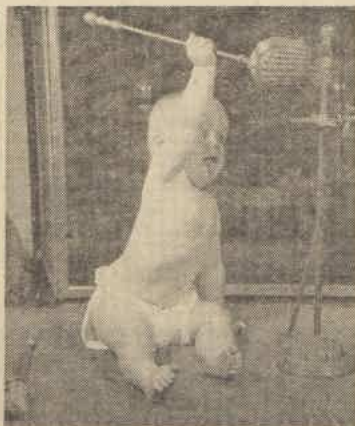
BABY BANTERS

Mama's Little Helper

by Constance Bannister



Now let's see.



This gadget goes here.



And this hangs up like so.



Oh, well, Mum will put 'em away.

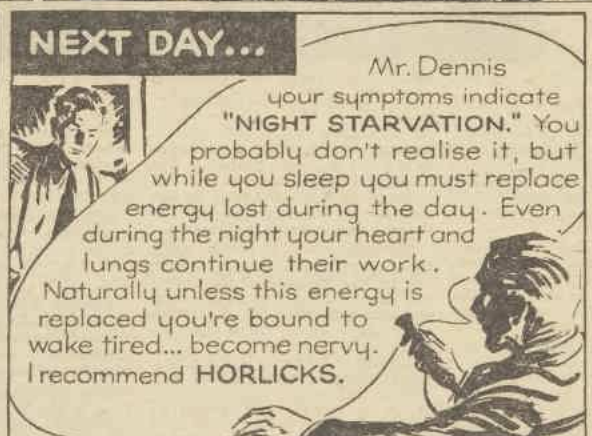
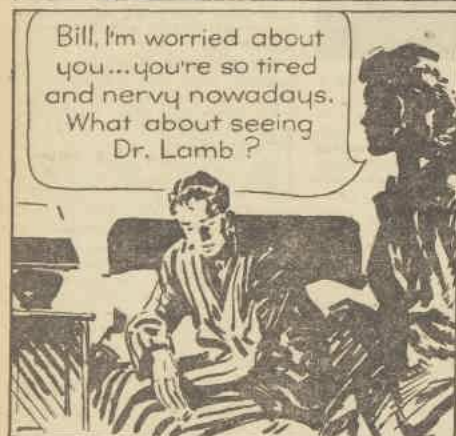
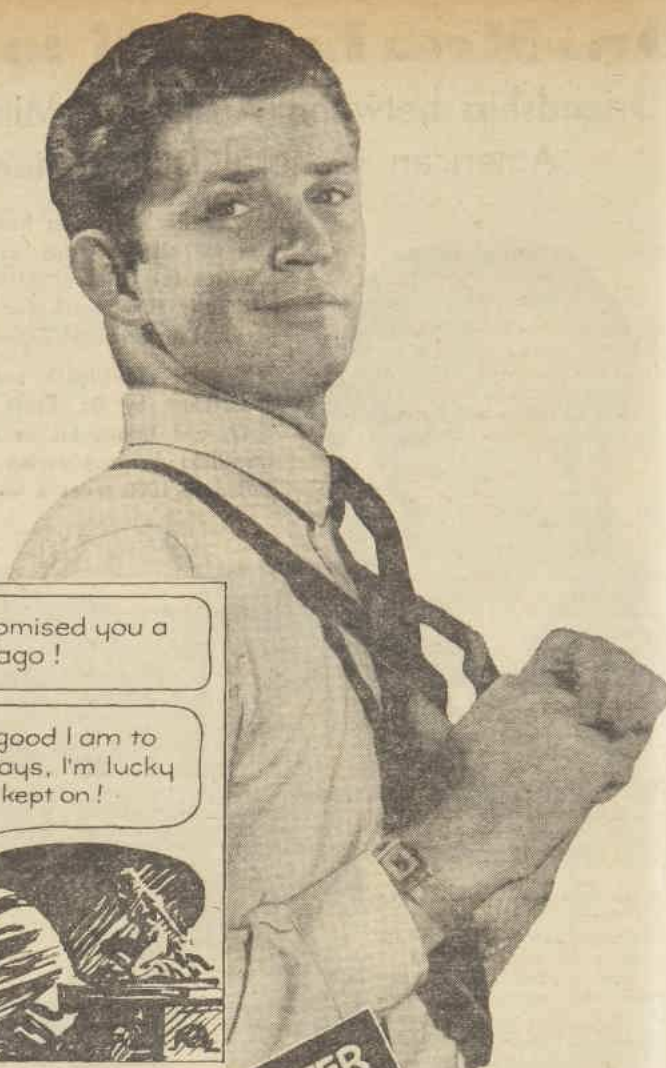
The Australian Women's Weekly—July 26, 1947

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Adelyn FROCKS Adelyn SUITS Adelyn COATS ASK FOR Adelyn FROCKS Adelyn SUITS Adelyn COATS.

The "worm" TURNED!

Yes—only three months ago
I was the "Office Worm". . . .



Each glass of Horlicks before bed gives you . . .

Protein — essential to the growth and development of every part of the body. Without protein to form body and tissue cells, growth cannot take place, and then wear and tear resulting from our daily activities is not made good.
Fat — almost entirely derived from milk; an efficient source of energy and also of

vitamins A and D.
Carbohydrates — chiefly maltose and dextrin (perhaps the best source of quick energy) and lactose, which is of great value to young children.
Mineral Salts — to help in building tissue and in regulating body activities. These mineral salts include:

Calcium — of which there is a deficiency in many Australian diets and yet is so necessary for building sound bone and good teeth.
Vitamins A, B₁, B₂, and D — each fulfilling its own special job in the maintenance of sound nutrition.

*Made with milk.



HORLICKS GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

Swiss way of life impressed Australian woman

Democratic, thrifty people are keen students of the arts

Mrs. Eleanor Donaldson, one of Australia's top career women, came back from her recent eight months' stay in Switzerland with deep admiration for that country.

"It is a dream country, the perfect democracy, an oasis in the desert of an industrially troubled world," Mrs. Donaldson said.

WHEN she was not travelling about the tightly packed little country of 15,950 square miles, Mrs. Donaldson lived at a hotel outside Zurich, and spent week-ends as a guest in Swiss homes.

Because of this she had ample opportunity to learn something of the life of the people of the world's oldest democracy.

But in this democracy women have no vote.

"Nor do they want one," Mrs. Donaldson said. "They are perfectly happy as they are."

During her eight months' stay Mrs. Donaldson did not meet one woman playing a top-flight part in public or commercial life. "Women are not all career-minded," she said. "The whole emphasis of their training is on sewing, cooking, and home management in general."

Far from being a land flowing with milk chocolate and honey, as those who have not lived in it suppose, the food rationing of Switzerland is stringent.

"Rationing is on a monthly scale. Only 1½ lb. of sugar is allowed, 7oz. of fat, and 2½ lb. of meat, including sausage, ham, and bacon," said Mrs. Donaldson.

But housewives show amazing initiative in preparing the limited types of food.

Fruit, vegetables, and potatoes were never rationed even in war years.

Compared with the high prices of other foods (eggs cost 6s, tea 11/- to 22.5 lb., and beef and lamb 7/6 lb.), vegetables are cheap.

Cabbage and carrots are cooked in an almost limitless number of ways.

"One method even dresses potatoes up with caraway seed."

"Two meatless days a week are observed, which makes vegetables doubly important. From their slender fat ration, Swiss women manage to save a tiny amount to use in the cooking of all vegetables."

"There are no queues in Switzerland. The ration is always honored and never gives out. Because people know this, they market when it is convenient."

Soap, both toilet and domestic, is in short supply. So that its distribution may be absolutely fair, 450 soap points are issued to each person for a three-monthly period.

"With this you can buy one pound of soap flakes, one cake of toilet soap, and three small packets of weak soap powder," Mrs. Donaldson said.

"Alternately you are entitled to a bar of laundry soap, two cakes of toilet soap, a small packet of soap-powder, and a packet of washing-powder."

The fat content of soaps bought in Switzerland is about half that of Australian soaps.

Because wood costs £8/10 a ton, and coal £18/10/-, for those who live in towns where there is no natural

fuel the cost of heating houses is high.

Pressure cookers are almost universal in Switzerland, not considered a luxury. Almost every housewife has one.

"Women there spend much more time in the kitchen," Mrs. Donaldson went on, "and give a great deal more thought to the preparation of food."

"Household gadgets abound in homes of all classes. They are beautifully made and, like all Swiss articles, practical and efficient."

"One of these gadgets is a sewing-machine, produced after a great deal of experiment."

Mrs. Donaldson brought one back. It is streamlined, green-enamelled, and featherweight.

"It is the most wonderful thing," she said. "It has a free arm, and you just slip stockings on that. It darns sheets and tablecloths beautifully, and has a special zig-zag stitch that stretches for patching knitwear."

"But makers of the machine, which costs about £30, have not reached the stage of production that

will enable them to export any great number."

A watch-hungry world is making a boom for the highly regarded Swiss watchmaking industry.

"Boys and girls are getting as much as 5/- to 7/6 an hour. They go into watchmaking because of this, leaving other industries with a labor shortage," said Mrs. Donaldson.

"Household textiles and furnishings are really beautiful. All are distinguished by a lovely clean, modern look, without bearing any marked national characteristic."

"The whole country is strongly pro-British. You don't have to be there for very long to feel the deep sympathy that little Switzerland has for Britain," Mrs. Donaldson said.

"Winston Churchill gave an address in the city square of Zurich when I was there. I arrived later than I should have."

"When people near me found out I was British they pushed me to the front so that I would be sure not to miss anything."

"This affection for the British accounts for the wonderful treatment of escaped Allied P.O.W. during the war."

"They were interned in some of the leading tourist hotels."

"At one time Switzerland housed and fed 40,000 Allied soldiers."

"Art in all its forms is readily available to the people."

"Theatres and concerts are always packed in provincial towns as well as cities."

"Excursion trains are run from all districts when there is an im-



MRS. E. DONALDSON, Sydney business executive, has returned from trip abroad which included a visit to Switzerland, where she found much to admire in the life of the country.

portant art show in any of the large cities.

"Catalogue and admission money apart from fares would cost each person the equivalent of about 7/- at an art show I saw in Zurich, yet the day I went, when the show had been on for several months, the galleries were crowded," Mrs. Donaldson said.

"All sorts of people were there, not only the wealthy and idle."

Mrs. Donaldson saw the early stages of construction of the children's village which is being built for the displaced orphans of European countries.

The Swiss Government's plan is to invite the children there and to care for them until they are once again healthy and happy. Apart from this, Switzerland undertakes the feeding of a million hungry children in war-ravaged countries.

IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

● Some girls enjoy popularity without making a conscious effort. Others have to exert themselves to win it.

If they are willing to make an effort the not-so-lucky ones have a very good chance of enjoying the comradeship they would otherwise miss.

THE letter answered first this week is from a young girl who is bitter because she thinks herself neglected.

"I AM 16 and have never had a boy-friend. When I meet nice boys they never seem interested, and when I go to dances with other girls I am more or less a wall-flower. The conclusion I have reached is that boys are only interested in good looks."

I can't agree with you there. Good looks, whether in a boy or a girl, are an immediate and never-failing attraction. As that they are a great asset. But they don't supply the all-important quality that makes one person more popular than another.

Lack of affection, friendliness, and good humor win genuine popularity. People are admired for their looks, not liked for them.

Try forgetting that other girls have boy-friends and you haven't, that you have suffered the humili-

tion of being a wall-flower. When you go to the next dance, go with your mind made up that you are going to have a good time. Bitterness shows.

Girls blessed with good looks will always have their band of admirers. While making the best of yourself by always being well groomed and carefully dressed in the style that you can never challenge them on those grounds.

But you can be the girl who is so nice that she is asked to every party.

"WE are two girls in love with two married men who work with us, one of whom lives with his wife, and the other does not. We have tried again and again to break away from them and go out with other men, but it is never successful. Now we are beginning to wonder where it is all going to end."

Unless you both show a considerably greater measure of good sense

than you have in the past, you both run the risk of ending with your lives and your reputations ruined. Such infatuations can only lead to misery and heart-break. Married men have not the right to your company; out of respect to yourselves and the wives of the men concerned, you have no right to theirs.

My advice to you both is to put an end to an impossible situation by leaving your present work and getting a really worthwhile job somewhere else. Try getting ahead and making something of yourselves. Hard work, new friends, and new surroundings will soon give you back the confidence and self-respect you have lost through past indiscretions.

"WE want to give flowers to the guest of honor at a dinner party. It would be correct, I take it, for my husband to make the presentation, but should it be before or after the meal?"

The flowers could be given before, during, or after dinner, according to your own wishes. I would choose some time when you are all together at the table towards the end of the meal. Perhaps the most appropriate time would be before the sweet course, which would provide an admirable occasion for your husband to make his speech.

"NOT long ago I introduced to my best girl-friend a boy who had previously said that he liked me. I like him, too. Now he seems

When writing for advice on your problem

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen-friendships will not be arranged through this column.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address on top of page 17.

She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

to have lost interest in me, and has begun asking her to go out with him. How am I to find out if he still likes me?"

I am afraid that even though he might still like you in a friendly way, he likes the friend you introduced him to better. Incidentally, I don't think she can be such a good friend to you as you thought. If she had been she wouldn't be going out with the boy you were interested in. In dropping you for your girl-friend the boy hasn't shown himself a very admirable person either. I should look for another girl and boy friend if I were you.

"MY small daughter is to act as flower-girl at a wedding. We are wondering if she walks in front of or behind the bride when entering and leaving the church, and if she should scatter flower petals. Also, should the ordering of her flowers and basket be left to the groom?"

Flower-girls who are going to scatter petals in the path of the bride as she comes out of the church often wait with their mothers while the actual ceremony is taking place. Otherwise they follow the bride up the aisle and stand with the bridesmaids. It is usual for their head-dress to be a simplified version of that worn by the older bridesmaids.

The groom orders all the flowers and pays for them.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.

They didn't believe in LONG ENGAGEMENTS

but things weren't always so happy (read on)



WINTER WEATHER IS "B.O." WEATHER TOO
Heavy clothes, heated atmospheres, closed windows make "B.O." as great a danger in winter as in summer. Use Lifebuoy—the one soap specially made to stop "B.O." With its special health ingredient Lifebuoy gives lasting and all-over protection from "B.O."



LEAD THE LIFEBOUY LIFE



W.205.22

(ADVERTISEMENT)



ONE way to cure a woman's cold shoulder is to wrap it in a warm coat.

My brother (the one who has mother-in-law trouble) says distant relatives are the best kind—the further, the better.

When Dick Fair let slip on "Australia's Amateur Hour" a few weeks ago that he had a liking for crab-meat, the next morning's mail brought a huge mud-crab that made a full meal for himself, wife, and daughter. Dick wonders what would happen if he confessed a yen for beef.

I guess there are two times when a man doesn't understand women — before marriage and after marriage.

Next best to a willing husband, the greatest help any woman can have in the kitchen is Rinso.

I sometimes wonder if the folks who don't smile when they say something funny are just taking precautions in case it isn't so funny after all.

Marie Ormston, "Surprise Party's" pianist, is looking forward to next week's party for Tivoli artists. There she will meet the man who found and returned her wire-haired terrier some weeks back—he's the visiting English star "The Great Rubie."

My Aunt Eliza (the one who's so old-fashioned she even puts stockings on tablelegs) says what a woman needs when she is buying slacks is hindsight.

A friend of mine said he'd like to see himself washing dishes every night. So his wife hung a mirror over the kitchen sink.

Two can live as cheaply as one, though probably not so long.

Girls, when your favourite guy says you look "a picture" in your new frock, he may be more correct than even he thinks. That is, if you're lucky enough to get (by hook or by crook) one of the new "Aquarelle" (water-colour) prints.

Latest reports from Paris say famous designer Lucille Mangin is sponsoring them in a big way, especially for dressy afternoon frocks. Yes, the newest fashion-trick is to take reproductions of water-colour pictures and print them on lush, lovely, mouth-watering silks.

And according to a gay dog I know in Paris they really can make a girl pretty as a picture.

LATEST LIP-SLIP: He's so generous he'd give me the shirt off your back.

Bye now,

Woof



"Just look at that lovely RINSO!"

Make washday history with **RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS**

NOW I USE RINSO'S RICHER SUDS TO CHASE OUT ALL THE DIRT, THERE'S NO RUBBING WITH OLD-FASHIONED BAR-SOAPS FOR ME

YES MA'AM! AND WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE TO RUB, CLOTHES LAST FAR LONGER. RINSO'S SUDS CERTAINLY DO SAVE TIME AND WORK



I'LL SAY! AND WHITES ARE SHADES WHITER... SILKS AND COLOURED BRIGHT AS A RAINBOW... ANOTHER THING... RINSO SPEEDS UP DISH-WASHING! DISSOLVES GREASE IN A FLASH!

Z. 258.22

MR. CLANCY, of the Blair Lines, was annoyed. He was signing on some extra men for the cruise of the Orinoco, and then the directors had to put their oar in. Mr. Clancy did not like to be interfered with when it came to signing a crew. He knew seamen, he felt, a lot better than the directors.

Now one of the directors ordered him to sign on this fellow, Abijah Bliss, as ordinary seaman. "Mr. Clancy: Sign on this man, Bliss, as ordinary seaman on the Orinoco, voyage commencing the twenty-seventh of October. Signed—Jonathan Blair."

Mr. Clancy did not like that. He knew Jonathan Blair was a director, of course, although he had never seen him, as indeed few of the men who served on the ships or worked on the docks had, but Mr. Clancy felt that signing on Bliss should have been a matter left to his discretion. However, an order was an order.

Mr. Clancy looked at Abijah Bliss. He was a tall, lean-faced young man with a battered map-brim.

"You ever served as seaman before?" Mr. Clancy demanded.

"No, sir," said Abijah Bliss.

"No discharges?" queried Mr. Clancy, raising bushy white brows.

"None at all," admitted Seaman Bliss.

"Then in the name of heaven," said Mr. Clancy, "what use would you be to us? Belay!" He grumbled, but he signed the young man on. Order of the director. "Report to the boom," he directed.

"Thank you, sir," said Abijah Bliss. "Thank you very much."

He left the little office panelled with yellow walnut and went out in the pier shed. There was a smell of rope and oil and salt water; steredores loaded cargo, trundling baggage carts over the splintered flooring, and the winches ground and rattled aboard the Orinoco in irregular wailing cadence. Abijah Bliss went up the crew gangway and stood on the deck a moment indecisively.

A couple of members of the crew were sitting on the edge of an open hatch. Abijah Bliss inquired after the bosun, and was directed forward, a journey which necessitated dodging descending bales and boxes, stepping gingerly over iron cable, being deafened by the rasp of the winch and nearly getting smacked in the face by the rising and falling winch ropes.

The bosun took him on philosophically. Abijah Bliss procured a sailor's cap, some fatigue dungarees, and promised to be ready to work at seven the next morning. He went to the washroom, to try on the cap. He stood before the mirror, inverted the cap, pulling it down over his eyes, and nodded at his reflection.

"You're nuts," he said succinctly. "But it's back to Texas with her, Abijah, and here's where we start."

Which strange comment in the fore-cabin washroom might have been partly explained had Mr. Clancy noticed that the signature of Abijah Bliss and that of the director, Jonathan Blair, were a great deal alike.

The only important reason why they were not exactly alike was because handwriting experts claim that nobody can write his name exactly the same twice.

The Orinoco sailed on the twenty-seventh promptly at three in the afternoon. She headed for open sea, all flags flying by order of the chairman of the board, who thought that would look nice, and an orchestra playing "Anchors Aweigh!" A small group of people stood on the pier waving farewell to a thin line of passengers along the rail.

But the stewards were bustling as smartly about their jobs as though the ship was packed to capacity with millionaires. The officers were alert and trim in blue uniforms and gold stripes. The Orinoco might not survive under the Blair flag much longer, but there was no hint of that aboard.

The reason leaned against the rail of the boat deck. Bard Calhoun stood beside her, smoking a pipe, and shamelessly thinking little of the Blair Lines' account at the present.

A young man in blue dungarees with an inverted sailor's cap on his head was coiling rope on the

forward crew deck. Nobody paid any attention to him. Passengers saw very little of the sailors. Which was all to the good with the young man on the forward crew deck.

Fifty-one per cent. of the stock standing on the boat deck, and forty-nine per cent. coiling a heavy rope on the crew deck. The Orinoco flew neither the skull and crossbones nor the red flag denoting high explosives, but either or both would have been not one whit out of place.

But Abijah Bliss was not the only man aboard who smouldered with resentment as the sturdy little Orinoco ploughed her way steadily onward.

He had a companion in Captain Thomas Marston, striding round in his quarters near the bridge.

Marston, stocky, white-haired, blunt of chin, was resentful of the presence aboard his ship of red-haired Valentine Ransome. A female chairman of the board was something Old Man Marston had never hoped to serve under.

Salt ran thick in old Marston's veins. He'd been born within sound of the sea and had grown into steam and oil with the seafaring Blairs.

"Not the Blair Lines any more," he grunted to Macey, his chief officer.

"Some woman trying to run the works. If she thinks she's going to climb all over my bridge and tell me how to sail I'll throw her off if it costs me my berth. Time to quit the sea when I've got to knuckle to a petticoat."

He meant it too. If this young woman came bouncing up on his bridge uninvited she'd bounce right down again, chairman of the board notwithstanding.

"Aye," he muttered. "I will. A woman meddling with the sea!"

But Valentine did not come

Continued from page 5

"bouncing" up on the bridge. She did not come near it. And on the second day out old Marston finally had to go and call on her. There were some courtesies due the chairman of the board even if she were a woman, and the tough old mariner always abided by the letter of even unwritten law.

Valentine was in her cabin resolutely poring over a tabulation of nautical terms and their meanings. That odious Jonathan Blair had stuck a few quills into her once and he was never going to be able to do it again. Neither was anybody else. Valentine was a good general—as soon as she found the holes in her front lines she brought up reinforcements.

"All," she murmured. "That means 'toward the stern.' 'Alleyway'—passageway. Goah, I thought that was a corridor. 'Amidship'—the middle of the boat. Fairly evident, that one, my child. 'Companionway'—stairway. And I mustn't say 'ship' but 'deck'; not the 'front' of a ship, but the 'bow' and 'starboard' is left—no, right—"

She broke off to greet Captain Marston. He said gruffly that if there was anything he could do for her on the voyage he would be glad if she'd tell him.

"You might," suggested Valentine, with a smile, "ask me up on the bridge some time."

He was a little surprised. So she'd wanted to come up on the bridge then, but had enough sense to wait for an invitation.

"Any time," he rumbled. "Just let me know."

He nodded and turned to go, obvi-

ously glad that was over with. Hostility stuck out all over him like quills from an embattled porcupine. Valentine looked at him keenly and then stopped him with a word at the door. He waited expressionless.

The girl lit a cigarette, and blew a meditative stream of smoke toward the ceiling.

"Please," she invited him politely, "say whatever you have on your mind, Captain. I think we'd both feel better."

Old Marston needed no second invitation.

"Since you ask me," he said, "I'll tell you, Miss Ransome. I don't know what you're doing in a man's job, and I don't know what your ideas are, but speaking straight—" He paused and looked at her very hard. She nodded.

"Go ahead, Captain. I want you to speak straight. I wouldn't like you nearly as well if you didn't. Proceed, please. I," she added, "can take it."

"Well," he told her bluntly, "I just want you to know that I don't fool around with pink tea ideas. I'm a seaman, not a glorified cruise director. I do my job of getting the ship into port, all souls safe and cargo in good order, and I won't get dressed in any fancy suit and blarney passengers. And," he concluded grimly, "if you have any other ideas about it, Miss Ransome, you can have my resignation at the end of this voyage."

Miss Ransome was thoughtful for a moment. She wore a white wool sports dress and jade-green sweater, a very attractive combination for the coloring of her hair and eyes, but not exactly a suitable impression of a person who held a "man's job."

What's on your mind?

Help cured mental cases on road back

As an ex-nurse I would like to see a square deal for men and women who have been mentally ill and have been cured.

Partially cured patients who have no one to care for them sometimes have to stay in the hospital where they are assured of treatment, meals, and somewhere to live.

There must be many women who once trained as nurses who need help in their homes or in the garden. Ex-patients would be grateful for the work, and these trained women could look after them until help was no longer needed, and the patient was able to care for himself entirely.

I personally knew the case of a man, brilliant in his own sphere, who was partially cured but had to remain in a hospital because he had no one to look after him. Perhaps he would have become world famous under better circumstances.

Even fully cured patients need encouragement and help, and there are plenty of people who could do this work.

5/- to Marguerite Callahan, 18 Benson St., Benalla, Vic.

Likes it here

I HAVE been in this country for three months now, and can only say that I love both country and people.

I am a Viennese girl, and after surviving Hitler's concentration camps am reunited with my husband after eight years.

There is only one thing here which puzzles me. It is this:

Why can't you open all three parts of your wardrobe? There is certainly no need to lack a pair of hangers in a rich and wonderful country like this. Are the housewives satisfied, or haven't they worried about it?

5/- to Grete Wertheimer, 14 Bowen St., E. St. Kilda, Vic.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's on Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published under pen-names. Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Rubbish remover

IN America and England they have kitchen sinks specially fitted for the destruction and removal of kitchen refuse.

Special pipes are attached, and after the rubbish is tipped down the drain it flows into a compartment, is crushed into small pieces, and is then dissolved.

From this stage it is carried away with the water. This system saves the housekeeper many trips to the garbage bins, and would be welcomed here.

5/- to Mr. A. D. Schammer, 107 Parade, Norwood, S.A.

Suffering cats

I THINK that it would be an excellent idea if people who own cats shut them up at night.

The screeches and din are nerve-racking, and would make good sound effects for a Tarsan film.

If your dog makes a row in the



night, half the neighborhood arrive the following morning full of complaints.

Yet for some reason cats seem to be placed in a different category.

5/- to G. Sweeney, 17 Rosa St., Goodwood, S.A.

Waste paper

NOTICES are often put into letter-boxes, stating that the waste-paper collectors will be calling. This seems wasteful to me.

It would be easier to stick a notice on a telegraph pole at each end of every street. Most people stop to read a notice, and this system would save time and money, and charities would benefit.

5/- to Mrs. T. M. Walsh, 23 Allens Pde., Bondi Junction, N.S.W.

Wants no more

FREEDOM from want. We seem to be very far removed from that ideal at the moment. Everyone wants things.

We want shorter working hours. We want more production. We want more pay. We want lower taxes. We want more homes. We want more babies. We want "freedom from want!"

5/- to J. Mills, Box 23, Lilydale, Vic.

Non-dancers

GIRLS in other States should follow the example set by teenagers in South Australia (5/7/47) and should take their knitting to dances.

We usually have to sit by the wall, so why not do some useful knitting? Boys bring the papers and stand at the edge of the floor reading the sporting pages. I don't see why they bother to come.

As girls have to wait to be asked for a dance, we can't do much about it. Except to bring our knitting.

5/- to Miss P.T. Ivanhoe, Vic.

Spilt milk

EVERY time I open a bottle of pasteurised milk I wonder why the cardboard tops are not made after the pattern of ice-cream-bucket tops. These have a small flap which you pull for easy opening. Very often, opening a milk-bottle with a knife or skewer, you end up spilling half the contents.

5/- to Mrs. J. H. Navie, c/o P.O., Boonah, Qld.

OLD Marston expected a flood of protestation, but it didn't come, nor did Valentine pick up any gauntlet with an air of grandeur. She thought over his words, and the captain sensed vaguely that this young woman probably did not get rattled very easily.

Her decision came with her characteristic abruptness.

"Captain," she said rapidly. "I don't want your resignation. If you can sail this ship better in an undershirt, go ahead."

"Aye," he said. "I guess I've done my trick, anyhow. I been with the Blair since I was fourteen—"

"Oh," said Valentine slowly. "So that's it. You don't want to sail under me?"

"Speakin' straight, Miss Ransome, it isn't the same. I'm telling you this because I figure we ought to understand each other. I'm an old man and I been around a long time, but while I sailed for the Blairs I felt like I was on the old Shooting Star, where I started as apprentice. But now I feel like I was at a tea party and so if you want to get one of these moving-picture commanders to take the ship it's all right with me. I'm heavin' to at the end of this voyage."

Clearly, he regarded her as an interloper. The foundering line wasn't the same to him any more. To him it was now but a collection of ships run by a red-headed young woman, and to that he owed nothing. He was a Blair product—and he disliked her. The ablest captain in the fleet, Mr. Packard had told her. He was quitting. . . .

Valentine smiled slightly and crushed out her cigarette. That's what he thought.

"Perhaps it's just as well," she agreed, after a moment's consideration. "It's about time you retired, I should think. Why," she flashed him a quick sidelong glance, "you must be over—fifty."

"Fifty!" Old Man Marston sounded a bit strangled. "Fifty! Ma'am, I'm sixty-four!"

Valentine gasped. Her lips parted in amazement.

"Sixty-four!" she almost whispered. "Sixty-four! Good heavens."

She sat up straight, slim brows knit in a frown. "Do people know that?"

To Marston, she sounded as though she expected him to drop dead at any moment.

"Why," he demanded peevishly, "shouldn't they know that?"

"Sixty-four," said Valentine decisively, "seems pretty old to be entrusted with such responsibilities, Captain."

"Ma'am," said Captain Marston sourly, "I'm hale of wind and sound of limb. You thought I was around fifty, yourself."

Valentine waved a hand.

"I know, Captain, but I'm afraid that—" She paused a moment, shaking her head.

"Speaking straight," she resumed, "it's just as well you want to resign. If anything should happen, we'd be criticised unmercifully. We don't want that to happen just when we're trying to get somewhere."

Old Man Marston stared at her thunderstruck. This was like leading with your right and being smacked heartily by an unexpected left. It was one thing to stride off his ship of his own free will, because he refused the indignity of serving under a woman, but it was something else again to be fired off by a woman.

Words failed him, however, as he tried to think of a sufficiently crushing retort. He bowed stiffly, took a formal leave, and went out in a rage, highly insulted.

Valentine clasped her hands behind her head and extended her long legs out in front of her. Grandfather Ransome had always preached the doctrine of getting in first. His granddaughter thought that was a very good idea.

The other smouldering volcano on board didn't get a chance to "speak straight." He spent the first day out scraping iron rust, the second cleaning out a cargo hold, and he started the third by appearing on deck at seven in the morning with a long-handled scrubbing-brush.

Please turn to page 28



NEWLYWEDS. Mr. and Mrs. Dick Job attend Cook-Owen wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Mrs. Job formerly Sue Levy. Sue and Dick will leave for England in Stratheden, August 9, to visit Sue's mother, Mrs. W. Greenley.



JUSTICE'S DAUGHTER WEDS. Lieut.-Commander Bill Cook, R.A.N., and his pretty bride, formerly Pam Owen, only daughter of Mr. Justice W. F. L. Owen and Mrs. Owen, of Rose Bay, leave St. Mark's with attendants Lieut.-Commander Max Hinchcliffe, Ann Price Jones, William Milne, and Joan Selman. Bill is son of Mrs. Cook, of Geelong, Victoria, and the late Mr. R. H. Cook.



CUTTING CAKE. Captain Frank McCaffrey, Melbourne, and bride, formerly Monica Bourke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Bourke, Killara, formerly Adelaide, with bridesmaids, Prue Bullivant, of Gregadoo Station, Wagga, and bride's sister Mary.



GREETINGS. Jack Murray greets Ella Shields at Tivoli management luncheon party at Valentine's Restaurant to welcome new stars and farewell Ella and Jack before they leave for New Zealand.

Intimate Gossipings

HEAVEN-BLUE is color chosen by Marie Stirling for her wedding ensemble when she marries Dr. Dick Opie at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, this Wednesday.

Marie's frock will have little jacket, and she will add a large matching blue hat with a soft bow at the back, trimmed with masses of veiling. Her accessories will be brown. Marie will be unattended at her wedding. She will be given away by Dr. Bruce McWilliam.

After ceremony, which will be quietly celebrated, couple will be toasted by their friends at party at Usher's Hotel.

Marie tells me that her trousseau consists mainly of summer clothes, as she is making her home in Lismore, where her husband-to-be, Dick, is in practice.

Last few days before her marriage have been filled with parties given by friends who wish to farewell her before she leaves Sydney for the country.

GREAT excitement for Mrs. J. Strudwick, who flies to Melbourne to meet her daughter, Mrs. C. H. Buchanan, of Surrey, England, who arrives with her husband and two sons, eight-year-old David and baby Richard, in Stratheden.

Mrs. Strudwick, who comes from Leeds, England, has been living with her other daughter, Joan McGuinness, and her husband Carl, at their station home, Bigga Station, Bigga, during war years.

Joan, who has not seen her sister Christabel since they were at school together eighteen years ago in Malvern, Worcestershire, is very thrilled. She and her four children, twins Jen and Ian, Brian, and Garry, are looking forward to meeting.



MEMBERS of Sydney Day Nursery Appeals Committee, Mrs. Jean Sautelle, Mrs. L. E. Croll, Mrs. A. Snashall, and Mrs. E. W. Corney, at party at Overseas League rooms.



CELEBRATING ENGAGEMENT. John Hayward Crumpton and his fiancée, Barbara Farncomb, dine and dance at Prince's. Couple recently announce engagement.



COMPOSER. John Antill goes through score he has written for S.U.D.S. production of "Hassan" with Mrs. S. H. Roberts, producer Sam Hughes, and Betty King. "Hassan" will be produced at Conservatorium on August 2, 4, 14, 15, 16.



OFF TO JAPAN. Mrs. H. V. Evans, wife of "Doc" Evans, on board H.M.A.S. Kanimbla when she sailed for Japan. Commander S. H. Crawford, R.A.N. (S), commanding officer of ship, stood with Mrs. Evans while she farewelled her two children, Rosalind and Peter.

ONE Sydney woman who is particularly delighted with news of Royal engagement of Princess Elizabeth and Philip Mountbatten is Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones, of Rosemont, Woollahra. Mrs. Lloyd Jones was Lieut. Mountbatten's first Australian hostess. When Prince Philip, as he was then, came to Australia as a midshipman in H.M.S. Ramilies, Mrs. Lloyd Jones threw open her lovely home, Summerlee, at Sutton Forest, for Philip and other midshipmen and let them have the run of the house.

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, Macquarie Street, chosen by Ellie Cobcroft and Ted Body for their marriage. Ellie is second daughter of late Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Moses, of Hevele, Killara, and Ted is only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Body, of Bundemar, Trangie. Ellie's sister, Lella (Mrs. Wallace Sawyer, of Wagga and Manly), invites family to party at Australia after quiet ceremony. Ted and Ellie will make home in country.

HOLIDAY at Forbes for three-day Polo Carnival, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, for Mrs. Bill Christie, when she will be guest of her sister and brother-in-law, the John Reynolds, of Champsaur, Forbes. Mrs. Reynolds, who is producer of local Amateur Theatrical Society, has been busy with presentation of Robert Morley's "Short Stories," which has been so successful that they have been invited to produce it for neighboring Parkes.

ADMIRE sapphire and diamond engagement ring when I see Letitia Lusk dining and dancing with fiancé Lionel Hewish at Christy's. Letitia is only child of the C. B. Lusk, of Wollongong.

PETER Pan Kindergarten committee are missing their three stalwart workers, Nola Dekyver, Ellen Copeland, and Margaret Christmas. All three are at present abroad, and will be absent from the buffet dinner party which the Peter Pan group will give at the Pickwick Club this Friday.

BUSY time for the Ed Warner when they entertain Mr. and Mrs. Eugene S. Gregg, who have just arrived from America by flying boat. On night of their arrival here, Ed and Leslie take couple to Prince's, and later in week they entertain at party at Glenaeles.

FAREWELL party at Prince's on August 5 for Dr. Gwen McGirr, who sails on the 9th in the Stratheden en route for Dublin, where she will do post-graduate course at Rotunda University. Hostess is Mrs. John Bowyer. Gwen is god-mother to Mrs. Bowyer's infant son, Ian.

Other news on the McGirr front is that Dr. and Mrs. John McGirr had their fourth child, a boy, John Richard Paul. Mrs. McGirr was Joyce Taylor.

UNDERSTAND the A.B.C. will have quite a man-sized job in forwarding thirty large volumes of stories covering every phase of Australian life to Senor Arrau's library in New York. During his stay in Australia the South American pianist saw a great deal of rural life.

Claudio's visit to Canberra has been successful. Trip includes concert which Governor - General and Mrs. McKell attend and reception given by Senor Hubner.

joyce

WORTH Reporting

ALTHOUGH H. de Vere Stacpoole, whose book "The Blue Lagoon" will be filmed here next year, has never been to Australia, he can give detailed descriptions of Sydney Harbor and the layout of Sydney and Melbourne.

Archie Macdonald, of Sydney, found this when he called on the famous novelist at his beautiful home, Cliff Dene, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight.

Over six feet tall, and more than 60 years old, Stacpoole has the courtly manners of a French diplomat.

His blue eyes gleamed as he welcomed Mr. Macdonald.

"I'm very fond of Australians. They are very forthright, jolly people," he exclaimed.

"I have seen most countries in the world, and a lot of Pacific islands, but not Australia, and I'm afraid I'm too old to go there now."

"I know Sydney Harbor is grand because I know it in my mind. If you have a sympathy for a place you can re-create it in the mind. I read everything I can get my hands on about Australia, and I read detailed maps."

Mr. Macdonald tested Stacpoole's book and map knowledge of Sydney, found it amazingly accurate.

Stacpoole has enormous respect and admiration for women.

He said:

"Women, particularly mothers, can make a new world out of the dreadful mess we are in to-day. They would fight and get social justice for all, and yet keep us out of war, I'm certain."

"They deserve equal pay. Look at the way they stuck during the war, the jobs they did."

Although Ventnor, next village to Bonchurch, was bombed to ruins, Stacpoole refused to leave his home.

"I look to my bed and trusted in God. I would not leave my village for anyone. I hate cities to live in, although they are interesting to read about and study."

Best sellers

LONDON librarians say that at the moment four types of books are in constant demand—works on politics and religion, historical novels, and thrillers.

Most widely read books in a recent week were "Events and Shadows," by Lord Vansittart, and "I Choose Freedom," by Victor Kravchenko, both political; "The Claims of the Church of England," a religious work by Cyril Garbett, Archbishop of York; a thriller called "Let X be the Murderer," by Clifford Witting; and a historical story, "A Swarm of Bees," by Marjorie Coryn.

Tea for fifty

A MONSTER teapot which makes 50 cups of tea and keeps tea hot and fresh for 11 hours has been invented by a Melbourne engineer, Mr. Jack Kloor.

Australian National Airways are just installing this monster teapot in 80 of its aircraft.

Made of stainless steel and insulated with a secret medium, the multipot is rectangular and about 16 inches long by 14 inches high.

Even the tap is insulated to pre-

Animal Antics



"Gosh, but you're getting lazy, Emily. You can't even build your own nest!"

vent escape of heat. It is inset behind a door which swivels back after tea is poured and lies flush with the end of the multipot. The door has an ingenious little tray on its inner side to catch drips from the tap.

Before it was decided to use the multipot in its aircraft, A.N.A. tried it out on a trans-Pacific flight to Vancouver and to every State in Australia.

It was tested by Tea Bureau and A.N.A. experts and air hostesses and travellers.

Applied psychology

AT a chemist's shop in King's Cross, Sydney, one night this week a woman customer decided to weigh herself while waiting for her order. As she got off the scales the chemist's assistant hastened to remark:

"Those scales are a bit heavy, you know. About four or five pounds. I saw the dismay on your face and thought I'd better tell you."

The woman flashed him a grateful smile, made several purchases, and went out.

As she disappeared the assistant remarked to a male customer: "A piece of applied psychology there. There's nothing wrong with the scales, you know. But I often tell women that. It makes them remember the shop with goodwill."

New rich, new poor

THOUGH this year's Ascot marked a return to the lavish fashion parade and the grey Derby and morning suit of before the war, it also marked quite a change in the distribution of the country's wealth.

Not only did hire costumers do a great trade in outway coats for the gentry, but the queues outside the 2/- tote windows were notable for the number of gentlemen in grey toppers with their ladies from the Royal enclosure. They punted in shillings, not pounds.

The queue moving back to the station wound through country lanes and was nearly a mile long. Here again formally dressed socialites, with lapel tickets bearing their title and the stamp, "Royal Enclosure," were liberally sprinkled among those who had to wait their turn for a train.

Past them whizzed Rolls-Royces and limousines bearing bookmakers and many informally clad racegoers from the other enclosures, the privileged classes in matters of money and possessions.

Tea, coffee, or cocoa?

A MEMBER of the House of Commons asked British Food Minister John Strachey if hotel and restaurant keepers in England could be taught to make tolerable coffee. He said: "Recently in a restaurant some tea was sold as coffee and thought by the customer to be cocoa."

This acid comment reminds us of the quaint rhyme concocted by the father of England's famous Joshua Reynolds. Reynolds' mother was called Theophila, and Reynolds senior instructed her:

"When I say The
Thou must make tea.
When I say Offey
Thou must make coffee."

A POSTER above a display of gas-masks (price 3d) in a Sydney store reads: "Delight for Children."

Clever accompanist

ISAAC STERN, brilliant 27-year-old American violinist who is touring Australia for ten weeks with the Australian Broadcasting Commission, found more than a musical partner when he and his accompanist, Alexander Zakin, joined forces.

Isaac says Zakin is a man with rare qualifications.

"Alex knows how to tie a white tie and keep an eye out for missing studs," he explained. "He is a perfect gin rummy opponent, since he loses most of the time. He is also a reliable information centre on such important questions as: What time is the concert? Where is the concert hall? Is the piano tuned? And, finally, the jackpot question, where's the best restaurant?"

Isaac was the first serious artist engaged to play for United States combat troops in the Pacific. With some trepidation he and Alexander Zakin followed in the wake of Hollywood comedians, blonde singers, jazz players, who had previously entertained G.I.s.

But they soon found the troops loved their music. Came back for more.

On just one occasion they had trouble.

"A detachment of Marines had just been flown in from combat, and had been given a big issue of Australian beer. They were in no mood for serious music."

"They began throwing empty bottles and yelling at us. What did we do? Just stopped playing, yelled back, and prepared to sidestep any bottles that came our way. It was really a lot of fun. No one got hurt, and after the boys quietened down we sent them home to the strains of a Brahms lullaby."

Breath-taking

WE thought compressed-steam cooking had gone about as far as invention could go in reducing time for cooking meals, but realised our error when we read about the new electronic Radarange on the market in the United States.

This little job bakes a cake in half a minute, grills a hot dog or hamburger sandwich in 35 seconds, and prepares a complete meal in less than a minute.

Claims made for the Radarange are that it is not only fast, but that food cooked in it is more appetising.

Of course there is the usual fly in the ointment. High cost of this unit will stop it becoming much used in homes; but the forecast is made that it will be used widely in restaurants because of the much quicker turnover through quicker cooking of meals, greater variety of food, and elimination of waste.

THE U.S. Department of Commerce has issued a list of trade fairs and industry exhibitions to be held in the States this year. One of them, to be held at Chicago, is called the "Instrumentation for To-morrow Exhibit and Conference."

It's just like getting two pairs of stockings for the price of one!



Yes! Tests prove that Lux makes stockings last twice as long

What exciting news—twice the wear from every pair of stockings when you trust to Lux! Just a quick dip in Lux after every wearing and your precious stockings will keep that "just-out-of-cellophane" look! You see, gentle creamy Lux suds whisk away every trace of harmful perspiration before it has a chance to damage the delicate fibres. But you must use Lux! Tests prove that stockings washed with gentle Lux last twice as long as when you use strong soaps or harsh methods like bar-soap rubbing.

U.241.24

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"I might not a' done it just like that, but I would a' got her safely across the street."

The Australian Women's Weekly—July 26, 1947

CORNERSTONE

By Dorothy M. Catts



An unforgettable romance of the loves and sorrows of a young couple in the early days of Australia—an historical document in fictional diary form that portrays the real scene in the founding colony.

At all booksellers,
Price 8/6

A SHAKESPEARE HEAD BOOK

Page 25

PRINCESS ELIZABETH



PRINCESS ELIZABETH in London after the Royal tour of South Africa. Early this year, reports stated that the King had decreed "a supreme test of three months' separation to prove the love of Elizabeth for Philip."

Page 26



VISITING Queen Elizabeth Hospital, London. Princess always enjoys crowds, is assured, confident in public.

With warm good wishes, Australians receive news of the Highness Princess Elizabeth, Throne, to Lieutenant Philip, Prince Philip of Greece.

Third cousins and great-grand the blue-eyed 21-year-old Princess old fiancé have known each other met as childhood playmates at Mountbatten, now Viceroy of India.

Since last April, rumors of have been circulated throughout expectation of the betrothal.



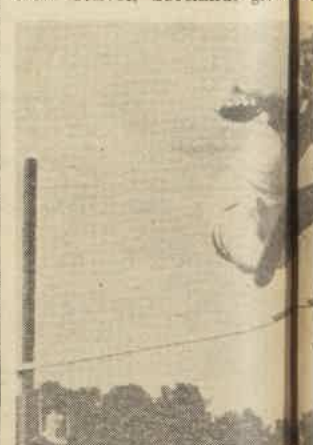
PLUCKING feathers from young experience for King and Elizabeth.



RECENT portrait shows a radiant Princess. Elizabeth has her mother's fine intelligence and quick warm smile. She likes books, ballet, lively music, and dancing.



PHILIP (centre), who qualified at Gordonstoun School, Scotland, given of



ATHLETE at Gordonstoun, Philip, Greek Throne, became natural. This involved abandonment of

The Australian Women's Weekly—July 26, 1947

STROMBERG-CARLSON Radio and Home Appliances There is nothing finer than a **STROMBERG-CARLSON**

AS CHOSEN A CONSORT

for the happy couple, Aus-
engagement of Her Royal
Heiress Presumptive to the
Mountbatten, R.N., formerly

grandchildren of Queen Victoria,
and her tall, good-looking 25-year-
most of their lives. They first
the home of Philip's uncle, Lord

the deepening of their romance
the Empire, leading to a firm ex-



SCHOOLBOY Macbeth. Philip shares love of theatricals
with Elizabeth, produced pantomimes with her.



erudition in South Africa is amusing
and who have keen sense of humor.



ed Sea Scout while at Gordons-
and boat fresh coat of paint.



the sixth in succession to the
British subject last March.
claim to any Greek title.



BEARDED lieutenant on leave in London, 1944. Philip
was midshipman in Ramilles, was in Battle of Matapan
in H.M.S. Vallant, was A.D.C. to Lord Mountbatten.



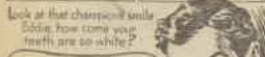
LIEUTENANT Philip Mountbatten has visited Australia twice, once in 1940
and again in 1945, when he was serving with the British Pacific Fleet.
Philip is the son of Princess Victoria and Prince Andrew of Greece.

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 26, 1947

Page 27

Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine — the world's best thriller stories.

Now available in Australia — 1/- every month



G. 58.22

JONATHAN rolled up his pants to the knees, and, barefooted, sloshed round in water with the rest of the deck-scrubbing gang trailing the bosun spraying a hose. That he had arrived at the nadir of his existence he was positive.

"The life of a sailor," he muttered, pishing his brush over the deck "Yo ho, and so forth. Down to the sea in ships with the billowing wave, and something, and so forth. Yo ho, yo ho! Nuts!" Which last monosyllabic ejaculation expressed his immediate reactions to the deck-scrubbing party.

Swabbing decks, needless to say, was a new experience for Jonathan Corinthus Blair. It was, moreover, a most undignified and embarrassing experience. Suppose that girl should see him doing this—there was a thought that called for a good hearty mop of fevered brow.

The more he scrubbed and scraped and polished the angrier he grew. His idea of the duties of seamen had always been vague, but he had believed that as a seaman he would have a chance to keep an eye on the cowgirl who was "experimenting" with his lines. So far he had worked mainly below decks, and he was utterly disgusted.

Added to that, his back ached terribly. And he had iron rust caked into his finger-nails and paint stains all over his clothes. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, but Mr Jonathan Blair had every intention of contributing a few licks of his own.

Fortunately he was a member of the "day-work" crowd so he had his time free after supper. Most of the other seamen thus excused sat around in their quarters reading dog-eared magazines, playing cards and drinking their daily allotment of beer, before they retired to the double-tiered bunks that lined the fo'c'sle.

Jonathan, however, went out on the forward crew deck where men off duty came from time to time to smoke and get a breath of air. He heard plenty about Valentine Ransome as evening darkened the Orinoco.

Engineers came up from their stations, chefs in white aprons and floury shoes, stewards, others wiping their hands on cotton waste, others in that Blair battalion who serviced a ship of human lives. Their cigarettes became little glowing spots in the darkness and their voices were borne out to sea and lost in that vast windy blackness.

Captain Marston's attitude was strongly reflected in theirs. In the close-knit community of a ship that kind of thing spreads without being definitely avowed. Everybody on that forward crew deck knew the "Old Man" wouldn't serve under a woman.

The crew did not like the idea either. They'd be the laughing stock of the seas, with other lines. Chairman of the Board Miss Valentine Ransome!

"What's the sea comin' to?" growled Putney, a veteran quartermaster. "I wish I could get another job."

"We'll all be meetin' at the Seamen's Rest in a couple of months anyhow," commented Ludlow, the bosun.

Sure they would. This line was going to Davy Jones. The girl would just help to chase it along.

One night Murray, a young assistant engineer, reported that the girl had spent an hour in the blistering heat of the engine-room. She'd been shown the system of communications to the bridge, the fire room, the fuel feeding system.

A Love Like That

Continued from page 23

When she left he heard her tell the first assistant it was a "grand" engine-room.

"A lot she knows about engine-rooms," grinned Murray. "But she can spend all the time there she wants. Nice-looking skirt."

"Sure," grinned Ludlow. "Marry the chairman of the board and become chief, Murray."

"Why not?" muttered Putney, sucking on his pipe. "Anything can happen on this tinpot outfit."

This was too much for Jonathan. Their reactions to Valentine, he minded not in the slightest, but gibes at the Blair Lines lit a fuse in that young man.

"Tinpot outfit, huh!" he said suddenly, standing up. "Listen, you birds keep your traps shut about this line or," he assured them with a definite bite and click to his words, "I'll take a shot at closing them for you."

There was a moment of astounded silence.

"What's eatin' you, Bliss?" demanded Ludlow.

"Never mind what's eating me," snapped Jonathan. "If you men feel that way about this line, why don't you sign off?"

He stood there belligerently with both feet spread wide on the deck. Nobody said anything. Perhaps because the young man looked as though he were capable of "shutting a few traps," or again because they realised he was right.

He waited a moment, then flicked his cigarette over the side, and went forward. He'd heard enough. That girl had bitten off a hard mouthful for herself. Foundering line and unenthused crew. It wouldn't be long before she buckled.

There was a brisk breeze blowing over the bow and the night sea air was chilly. Passengers were just in the midst of the evening, but seamen had to go to bed. Seamen had to turn to and scrub decks in the morning, yo ho.

Jonathan went to the fo'c'sle and eyed the double bunks disgustedly. The deck pitched under his feet and there was a smell of beer and tar and paint and tobacco smoke. Up forward a person didn't get the vibration of the ship so much or feel the incessant throb of the engines, but he did hear the waves slapping the bow more clearly, and the hiss of spray from broken rollers. Up forward a person got the "feel" of the sea.

It was something Jonathan had never sensed before—that feeling of boundless sweep to be conquered by the brain and courage of man. Old Abijah had felt it and he had gone forth to war.

He stood there a little while in thoughtful silence, and looked at the men lying on their bunks, some snoring, some with their arms flung over the side, all of them in undershirts, no pyjamas—just a bunch of men sprawling asleep in a dimly lit fo'c'sle.

"Well," he muttered, "there's nothing like getting the viewpoint of the boys."

Whether Valentine realised the quality of morale among the crew or not, she moved very suddenly the next morning. She appeared in the crew mess-room during breakfast.

Jonathan looked up and saw her standing right in the room, alone, slim and smiling. His mouth went dry and something pounded violently in his temples, his whole system racing with the shock.

He hastily moved his chair round so that he could take refuge behind the broad back of the man next to him, and reflected that the woman was an absolute menace.

She stood in a shaft of sunlight, and the mess-room couldn't have been more amazed if Neptune had appeared in their midst. Valentine was a great deal more composed about it than any of them.

"Good morning, boys," she said as companionably as though she were addressing the mess-room of her old friends, the herd riders of her father's cattle ranges. "Lovely day. How about a cup of coffee?"

There was a deep silence for a moment. Some of the men who had not as yet donned jumpers and were still sitting round in their undershirts looked vastly self-con-

scious. Others started to get uncertainly to their feet, but she waved a hand and they sat down again at though they were dummies on strings.

The mess boy brought her a cup of coffee and she declined a chair to stand, cup in hand, and look about her.

"This place," she announced, "could be overhauled to advantage, I think."

She sipped her coffee and abruptly set it down, her nose wrinkling in distaste.

"Vile!" she exclaimed.

"It ain't so good for a fact, ma'am," agreed Ludlow, and the rest of the mess-room agreed both in facial expressions and words.

"Get that cook in here," commanded Valentine. "Right away."

The cook arrived, a fat man with a kerchief about his steaming neck and wearing very soiled white chef's uniform. He looked at her with unmistakable bewilderment.

"That coffee," stated Valentine, pointing a slim forefinger at her cup, "tastes as though it was made in a rubber boot."

"It's the brand they give me, ma'am," he complained nervously. "It's a sort of chicory stuff—"

"Who gives you that?"

"The port steward, ma'am."

"Oh, he does, does he? I'll have a talk with that port steward when I get back to New York. Meanwhile," she said firmly, "you throw that stuff out. I'm not going to stand for my crew being served a horrible concoction like that. I'll have some real coffee sent down from first-class right away."

There was an astounded silence, while Valentine remained the only composed person in the whole mess-room.

"If the rest of the food is as horrible as that coffee," she said firmly, "I want to know. How about it?"

She was assured in a confused, rumbling assortment of mumbling comments that the rest of the food was bearable although it could be a lot better.

Valentine decided the matter warranted immediate investigation.

"You're doing man-sized jobs," she told them, "and you rate white men's food. If you don't get it, I want to hear about it. I mean it!"

She left as quickly as she had come, white skirts and slim ankles flashing out through the door, and the men in the crew mess-room of the Orinoco gaped at each other. For a moment they were flabbergasted beyond speech. Jonathan came up for air and let out a deep breath. That had been close.

Ludlow was the first to recover full use of the vocal cords. He thumped his fist on the table.

"Say," he said, wondering, "I wouldn't be surprised if she was a bit of all right."

With that, the breakfast mess responded as a man to her quick graceful move. She knew how to talk and act with rough, hard-working, cunning men. Men like that had taught her to ride and rope.

Jonathan sat back a little limply. "Well, that smart Texas vixen!" he breathed.

She was smart all right. Which, following, would make it all the greater pleasure to outsmart her.

Happy day—yo ho!

To be continued

Now you can dance and sing through washdays... and get that

PERSIL DAZZLE

It's Persil's oxygen that puts the PERSIL DAZZLE in ALL your wash

Happy as a hit tune—



that's the way whites look when you give them the Persil dazzle. Whites are snowy—sparkling—the whitest white of all. No wonder poor Mr. Dirty-White is out of step! Why doesn't someone tell him that Persil's busy oxygen-charged suds really send dirt racing—not some of it... not most of it... but ALL of it.



Kiddies make the wash pile up

but Mum waltzes through that wash in jiffy-time—gets that tappy Persil dazzle into everything. All the kiddies' things—from "bests" to play-togs—come out of a Persil dip bright and chirpy. Once Persil suds start a'coaxing, dirt just can't say no!

You too can have that PERSIL DAZZLE

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

Gay as a Maypole!

Yes Ma'am! That's how coloureds look when they have that happy Persil Dazzle. Shirts 'n' shorts, jumpers 'n' jackets all come up with that ritzy band-box look. Persil gives the brightest wash because it washes cleanest.



P.374.19

FOR QUICK HELP WITH ALL CLEANING—USE MONKEY BRAND—THE HANDY BLOCK THAT CLEANS WITHOUT WASTE AND NEVER SCRATCHES



ME.9.34

Smart clothes and
Chocolate must have
quality and

says soignee

Catherine Duncan

star of radio and a
playwriter, too

Miss Duncan, on the eve of her departure for abroad, posed for us wearing an ear-fitting bonnet in palest blue felt, trimmed with cyclamen spotted veiling and shaded ostrich tips.

Miss Duncan says: "Nowadays I find myself listening for the SNAP when I break a block of chocolate. The louder the snap the better the quality of the chocolate. Small's Club Chocolate always breaks with such clean brittle snap and that chocolate does taste good. Not-so-sweet and that's exactly the way I like it."

SNAP

Everybody's 'snapping' it now!



From Dad at his bowls to young Fred at tennis — they play a better game because of the quick pick-up they get from their Small's Club Chocolate. You hear Small's Club Chocolate snapping everywhere that people play during the weekend. The louder the SNAP the better the chocolate — and Small's Club Chocolate breaks with a good loud snap every time. So everybody's SNAPPING it now.



**Small's make great
Chocolate**

"THE LOUDER THE SNAP THE BETTER THE CHOCOLATE"

Quiet Holiday

Continued from page 7

PAULA laughed. "Why, Mr. Collins! Don't tell me you're just a flirt," she said. "Who, me?" Bill was indignant. "I'm the most sincere chap alive. See if I'm not."

At five minutes to two the next day they were waiting outside the telephone box, and at ten-past the call came through. Bill said very little, but he listened a great deal. "Well?" Paula demanded, when he finally rang off.

"We were right! Mrs. Little used to be Sylvia Greenwood, an artist's model and chorus girl. She was running around with a playboy called Carter. Late one afternoon Carter was found stabbed to death

in his flat. A blonde young woman was seen to enter his flat earlier in the afternoon, and naturally the police questioned Sylvia.

"But Sylvia produced an unbreakable but unlikely alibi. She claimed to have gone to an art exhibition, and then cocktails with Morton at his flat. Morton was a poor relation of Carter. Used to sponge on him. Anyway, he backed her up, and no arrest was ever made. About two years later she married Little. He owned sheep property in the west."

Paula said: "I guess that's enough to go to the police?" "Yes," Bill was thoughtful.

ALFRED



"Alfred's keeping an eye on the time. At five-thirty he has to watch a man in a restaurant window flip pancakes."

Wuff Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



"You had better let me do the talking. I'll have to slide over the photograph business. I hope the inspector is a tactful man."

Inspector Upway listened quietly. "That is very interesting," he said. "Of course, I am having a thorough check on all of you, but so far the report has not been returned. The police," he added, dryly, "are unable to use the methods of civilians. We are obliged to go the long way round."

To Paula's relief, he made no further reference to the photograph. "Have you enough evidence to make an arrest?" Bill asked.

"No. Not nearly. But I can question her, and if she is guilty she may break down and confess."

Accompanied by Sergeant Williams, he went in search of Mrs. Little. Bill and Paula tagging along behind.

They found her in the lounge-room, knitting. Paula thought she looked ill at ease and there was a grey look round her mouth. The inspector looked at them and then decided to ignore their presence.

He spoke to Mrs. Little, bluntly. "You were being blackmailed by Morton, weren't you?"

Her hands tightened on her knitting, but she did not answer.

Upway went on: "He gave you an alibi in the Carter case, didn't he? And blackmailed you for years. You got tired of paying, and decided to kill him. That is what happened, isn't it?"

Mrs. Little looked at him, her face ashen, eyes venomous. "All right,"

she screamed. "All right. I'll tell you everything," she said, and leaned across the back of the lounge. The sergeant took up his position beside her.

The inspector began: "You know that anything you say—"

His voice was drowned in the flow of words from that grey, twitching mouth.

"I killed Ronald Carter," Mrs. Little burst out. "I thought he was going to marry me, but he was only fooling. We had a fight that afternoon, and he laughed and said he thought I knew we were only friends. I felt I hated him. I picked up the paper-knife from his desk and stabbed him."

"Then I discovered Morton was in the flat. He had been in the dining-room and had heard everything. He told me he would give me an alibi—for a hundred pounds. It took every penny I had, but he stuck by me when the police came round."

"When I married Tom Little I found out just what I was in for. He bled me for years. I had an awful job raising the money." She paused, gasping a little, then went on talking.

"When Tom died, he demanded five thousand pounds. Said it would be the last. I couldn't get it. The last couple of years have been bad, with the drought, and, anyway, the money was tied up in the property. Any I could get my hands on I wanted for myself. I've been buried alive for years."

"He told me to come here, and bring the money. When I arrived I told him it would take a few days

to get the cash—and I waited my opportunity. I followed him down to the falls. He didn't see me, and I picked up a small rock and hit him. I hit him three times to make sure, and then I pushed him over. It was a bad spot; I never did have any luck."

Her voice rose in frenzy. She turned away from him. "I've told you this, but it won't do you any good." Suddenly her hand fumbled in her knitting bag.

"Look out!" Bill yelled. The detectives made a dive forward, too late. There was a loud explosion, and Sylvia Little swayed and crashed to the floor. The ball of wool dropped from her lap and rolled across the room.

Paula said, "I'm leaving to-day. Next time I want a quiet holiday I'll stay in the city."

"I'll drive you down," Bill offered. "You know, the islands would be a nice place for a honeymoon. Do you think if I talked enough I could sell you the idea?"

"I don't know, Bill. I'm not sure." He pulled her to him and kissed her thoroughly.

"Well?" he demanded. Paula said, "I'm still not sure, but I think I could be convinced."

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All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

"What a record for Velvet Soap THIS SILK SHIRT IS STILL IN USE AFTER 16 YEARS' SOLID WEAR!"

Meet Mrs. Sands, of Lauderdale Ave., Manly, N.S.W., as she tells Aunt Jenny her wonderful real-life Velvet story.*

* Original letter in our office.

says Aunt Jenny



"NO WONDER MY HUSBAND'S PROUD OF THIS SHIRT," says Mrs. Sands.

"It's every day of 16 years old—and apart from the cuffs, which I turned a few years ago, it's as good as new. Of course I've got Velvet to thank for that. Velvet's so gentle with my clothes—they last for years."



"FOR INSTANCE—TAKE THIS APRON," adds

charming Mrs. Sands. "I've been wearing it for no less than 10 years—yet good old Velvet has kept the stripes bright as ever."



"AND JUST LOOK AT THESE CURTAINS," laughs Mrs. Sands. "You'd never think they were 12 years old. That's because I've always washed them in Velvet." Yes, ladies, those suds are so gentle that even delicate lace like this lasts years longer when washed in Velvet.

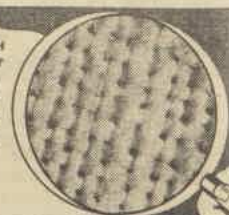


J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn-out because they've been hard rubbed. And look at that dirt still ingrained in the weaves!



FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new, year after year, because no hard rubbing is needed with Velvet's extra soapy suds. And not a trace of dirt left behind!



V.154.81

IT looks as if I'll have to console him. But I don't know where to start because speed is what operators sell seat tickets and freight space on. So I just say, "You could go ahead and build them yourself, couldn't you?"

"I guess not," he sighs. "It takes a lot of dough to get a production line started. Why, the control device I've blueprinted to go with every Super-Freighter would itself—"

He stops there suddenly and looks at the tables across the aisle. They are empty and he seems reassured.

"Pat," he says, "my freighters will carry a control of the world's best designing staffs would give an arm to put in their ships, no kidding. But I'm not letting one go without the other. See? It's the secret of my freighter's high pay-load."

I stir my coffee and wonder if this nice boy is a crank. Then he pulls out a piece of paper and shows me a drawing of his freighter. It is a museum piece and he sees me staring at its high, square wing, its tailpole nose, and its fixed undercarriage. I must be looking a little startled because he grows defensive.

"Those bluff bows are just like my pop's ship, but they open up and you can load awkward freight easily and get at it when you off-load. And the undercarriage is fixed because the extra weight of a retractable undercarriage more than offsets the economy resulting from reducing drag, and it reduces maintenance, too. Say, don't you like the look of her?"

Well, you don't tell a mother her baby is ugly. I say sturdily, "Why, Chet, she's a beaut. And the space she must have!"

"That's right," he beams, and starts off again with more details. I think he is somewhat indiscreet talking like this to a stranger, and then I look at the sketch again and know he isn't. I can't see any aircraft builder breaking a leg to get hold of that. So his secret gadget isn't likely to amount to much, either.

Still I don't like thinking of him as a crank. He is very nice and I'm in no hurry to go, although I have to return to the airport and pick up my gear and check in somewhere. I whiz around so much these days I have no permanent address. I have to get in where I can on overnight stops.

He has put his sketch away, and

She Gave Him Wings

Continued from page 9

we start talking about Frisco again.

"Pat," he says at length, "let's go out to one of the beaches and sit in the sun. I can't let you go yet—"

I must be weak. I still have to find a bed but I agree. I remember the yellow car as I get up, and look into the next cubicle, but it is empty.

Chet goes looking for a taxi, but there are none about. Then he strides over to a carrier's rank and presently a big covered truck pulls up. Chet pats the seat fondly, and says, "Nothing could be finer than a ride in this. Let's go out to the beach in style."

The truck driver thinks it's a good joke, but Chet is serious. I have never ridden in the cab of a truck, so it's an adventure to me. There are no springs in the seat, but while I jolt around Chet bounces happily. "Pat," he crows, "can you imagine trucks like this having wings in the future?"

He goes into a discussion on haulage power with the truck driver, but when he pays off our chariot he is apologetic. "I'm sorry, Pat. I'm a fool about freight. Will you forgive me?"

It is easy to forgive. He looks so sweet with his cap on the side of his head and his blue eyes begging. He takes my arm and leads me to a bench facing the bay. The bay is blue and sunny and there's a freighter low down in the water coming up and a liner going out.

Chet doesn't see the liner. Passenger stuff. He sees wings sprouting on the freighter, but he doesn't say so. He can't, anyway, because just then somebody gives a jovial cry from behind. I look round. It is Paul Ruppert, a fruit buyer who flew over from San Francisco with us.

I smile at him, but I am not particularly pleased. Paul Ruppert is slick and sallow. Chet looks him over and his expression says he does not expect him ever to sprout wings.

I introduce them and at the mention of fruit Chet becomes more cordial. "Going to ship fruit from here to the States?" he asks. "That's a new line of commerce, isn't it?"

"That's right," Paul says, "we're breaking out new ground buying in Australia. I'm over here to buy twenty thousand cases of pears and apples. Say, how would you like to freight that lot over to the States by air? But aeroplanes can't handle that sort of deal yet, unfortunately."

PAUL sits down on the bench. His smart suit makes Chet's old uniform look even more shabby, but the contrast is in Chet's favor in all other ways.

"I don't know," Chet broods, and I see he's thinking about his Super-Freighter. "They're coming along."

"I'd like to see the aeroplane that would fly fruit profitably across the Pacific," Paul tells him. "I'll do a deal with the operating line as quick as you like, and pay a higher freight rate at that. I want to get fruit over fast, see? You got a fleet of freighters that will fly my fruit?" He is still more or less kidding.

"Not yet," says Chet. Paul winks across at me. "These air transport guys," he chuckles, "are always dreaming up something good. Their dreams have wings, but they never do get motors."

I ignore the wink and Chet colors. He's taken it as a challenge, and he pulls out his sketch again. "Look," he says, "if I could get enough dough to build ships like this we'd both make a stack."

Paul gives the design a careless glance. He says to me, "There you are, it's always on paper." And he needles Chet again. "Well," he says, "what's this ship got the others haven't?"

"Very low operating costs and a lot more space."

"Just think of that," Paul smiles. "It's better than that with my device."

"Think of that," marvels Paul. "A special gadget, eh?"

Chet closes up and puts his sketch

away. He is grinning. "One of these days," he promises, "I'll be handling your fruit."

Paul changes his tune. "I sure hope so. Say, we must be boring Pat." He smiles at me, but turns his eyes back to Chet. "I'd like to keep in touch with you, Chet. Any guy that's got a device that'll put wings on my apples I'd like to keep close to. Can't you get a plant to build your ships?"

"Not yet," Chet says. "How much are you paying the shipping line?"

Paul tells him. Chet figures it out. I don't mind. They have their heads together, and I get up and wander down to the water. Now and again I look back at the bench and their heads are still together. Perhaps I wish that Paul hadn't crashed in, but it's a break for Chet meeting with somebody with freight to shift. Freight is ambrosia to him, and I feel happy.

Presently they join me and they are both smiling. Chet says, "That's the last you'll hear of freight-to-day, Pat. We're through. And Paul wants to take us to dinner."

I start shaking my head. I still have to find a bed. And then I change my mind because Chet looks so disappointed and, perhaps, because Paul is getting ready to ooze charm to persuade me.

"All right," I say, "it'll be lovely." Chet's face clears and he's grinning, and Paul beams. We look a happy party.

I don't pick a quiet place. I'm not ashamed of Chet's odd, soiled uniform. I'm getting to love his old cap. And the smart restaurant doesn't make him self-conscious either, although Paul matches the snowy damask and polished silver much better.

After dinner Paul insists on taking us to a show, and after the show we have supper and then I suddenly remember.

"There's something I've forgotten to do," I wail. "I haven't got myself a room yet." I'm really upset about that. Finding a room at a late hour is like trying to locate a tooth in a hen's mouth.

They both stare at me in concern. Then Paul says, "Well, let's get a taxi and hunt up something."

It is the only practical thing to do, but I have no hope. We cruise until one o'clock, and now I'm desperate. Chet is suggesting the restaurant at the airport when Paul suddenly cries, "I know. You can have my room, Pat, and I'll bunk with Chet in the plane. How's that for an idea?"

I wasn't expecting Paul to be so big, and I'm tongue-tied. Then Chet rushes in. "Why, that's swell. I can make Paul comfortable, Pat." He is very relieved and grateful.

"Thank you, Paul," I say inadequately.

We go along to the hotel, and Paul fixes it with the desk. The porter stands by to take me up in the lift. I thank Paul again, very prettily this time, and smile up at Chet.

"It's been a lovely day," I say. "Thank you, Chet."

"That's what I think, too," Chet says. "Will I see you at the airport in the morning?"

"Yes," I say. "I'll be there, and good-night—both of you."

They are just turning to go when the lift doors close.

There are two cases lying on the luggage rack in Paul's room. The bed has been turned down and a pair of pyjamas is lying on the pillow. They are green and look awfully smart. I pick them up and see they wouldn't be very much too large for me. They have a big "P" on the pocket, too, and that settles it.

They suit me, as I can see by the mirror. I pin my hair behind my ears; that's all I can do about my hair without a brush or a ribbon. But the effect is good, very pretty. My ears are not like Paul's, which, I had noticed, were big and sallow. Sallow?—or do I mean yellow?

Very suddenly I know I mean yellow. I had seen one of them decorating the end of the partition in the restaurant earlier in the day, and that's why it looked familiar. From my post at in the Skymaster I'd been looking at it for three days coming across the Pacific.

NOW, I frown, standing in front of the mirror and challenging myself, what does that mean, if anything? Is he playing some game? He hadn't joined us in the restaurant, but he had crashed in on our party at the beach and had stuck like glue for the rest of the day. And he hadn't said a word about seeing us in the restaurant.

It's not good to hurl questions like that at yourself after one in the morning. It's better to line them up and knock them down when you've had a good sleep and are feeling fresh. So I yawn and bend down to pick up my nylon.

I think I hear the door open, but there is something that looks suspiciously like the beginning of a ladder in the nylons, and I'm agonising over it when a voice grumbles, "You've been gone long enough. Did you get the dope off that punk?" It's a man's voice, and I drop the nylons and jump round panic-stricken.

There is a large man standing there, blinking peevishly. He is in pyjamas and a robe. He looks as if he has just woken up; he's all tousled and flushed and irritable. His jaw drops when he sees who it is, but not as low as mine is hanging.

"Why—" I gasp. "Will you please get out of this!"

"What's going on here?" he stammers. "Where's Paul? Is Paul running round with you instead—Where is Paul?" And he stares wildly.

I realise he is a friend of Paul's, and has blundered unintentionally. But I don't like the look of him just the same. He is very large and dark, with thick lips and massive eyebrows.

Please turn to page 33

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Last week I caught my hand on a blade of the lawn mower. I'll give you some Rexona for that right away! My neighbour said, "You don't want any complications."



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FEELING foolish and uneasy standing there in Paul's pyjamas, I tell him quickly, "Paul let me have this room. He's sleeping at the airport. Now do you mind leaving please?"

He scowls and I suddenly wish Chet were here. He'd bow this fellow out of the room like he was an old tyre, big as he is.

"Look," he rages, "if Paul's been fooling round when there's a job to be done I'll crack your skulls together I will." He walks towards me.

"Oh," I squeak. "Don't be silly. I tell you, Paul's at the airport with Chet Ingram."

"Who with did you say?" he asks. "Chet Ingram." I flutter. "We've been together all day, and I forgot to set a room and Paul let me have this—"

"I stop, for his expression is changing. He's no longer scowling, but looking pleased.

"Chet Ingram," he says gently, "he's out there with Chet Ingram now, is he?"

"That's right. You see—"

"Okay baby," he beams, "I worked the angles out wrong, that's all. I was still half asleep." And he wins.

I'm relieved but surprised at the change in him. He's pleasant enough now. I don't know why he should get that way all of a sudden.

I begin to think it's the green pyjamas, but his interest stays with Paul.

"How's Paul making out with this freight duck?" he asks.

I ask myself a question first. How does he know Chet's a freight duck? Why it should pop up like that I don't know, but maybe because of Paul's yellow ear. It has left some suspicion in my mind and now it is playing up. Well, I ask how does he know?

"He's doing all right," I say, and I'm thinking hard. I try not to show him I'm checking things up, then before I know where I am I'm swinging into an act. I'm a slinky sort, the kind you see in gangster pictures, playing up.

"We've been working on him pretty hard between us," I yawn. "Paul's got just about all the dope he wants."

His heavy eyebrows lift and he purrs, "Paul's smart. He must have worked fast to team up with you, but Paul just knows how to pick them, I guess."

I shrug in a knowing way. "That duck and his device." I scoff. "It's like separating a fool from his money." I watch him to see whether that's the line he's on.

He turns serious. I've hit it on the button. "Maybe he's no fool," he says, "he's got a grand idea in that device. I know, I'm a designer myself. Did he let Paul have a look at the sketch?"

"Don't worry," I soothe him. "He will. Paul was moving along nicely when they left for the airport. And they're all alone in the hangar right now—" I stop on a note of menace.

"Well," he says, "the kid wouldn't separate them, so we do the separating." He chuckles and brings out a pack of cigarettes and tosses me one. Then he throws me his lighter.

It is a beautiful thing of gold. The monogram is D.B. "Do I call you Donald?" I ask archly.

"Dan Brent," he says, and looks at the initials on Paul's pyjamas. He grins as he catches the lighter I toss back. I tell him my name.

"Okay, Pat," he says. "Everything's fine and I can sleep easy now. So long."

His eyes go beyond me and seem to flicker. Then he goes out, shutting the door softly.

I snap out of my act. I'm no longer slinky; I'm just a worried girl. I must get in touch with Chet and warn him about Paul.

I look around for the phone, but there isn't one. There is the desk, but I can't go down there just in green pyjamas. I look around for Paul's robe, but there isn't one. I start throwing things out of a case; there are shirts and socks and underwear. And there is a gun—a small, chunky piece.

Very gingerly I pick it up. I don't know anything about guns, but I put it into my uniform

She Gave Him Wings

Continued from page 31

pocket, all the time thinking of how to get in touch with Chet.

Phoning the airport mightn't help, after all, I realise. There are only a few freighters taking off during the night, and the control staff is small for that traffic. I suddenly decide to rush out myself, and feel much better deciding to do that.

I'm back in my uniform in no time and just fixing my cap when the door opens again. There is the big ape, and he looks wide awake this time. "Why, baby," he says, and shuts the door behind him quietly.

I don't like his tone or the way he's acting. He doesn't seem surprised to see me in uniform; he must have seen it draped over the back of the chair beside the dressing-table before he left. That's what had made his eyes flicker.

"Well, well," he says, "it's a good thing I came back. I thought it funny when I saw your uniform that an air hostess would be playing stooge to Paul. I've been figuring it out. Were you thinking of running out to the airport, honey?"

He's between me and the door, and I know I'll have to point the gun at him. I get nervous at the thought, but it comes out and I hold it pretty steadily.

"Just move over to the wall," I order. "I'm going out."

He doesn't move, but I see it's not because he's going to defy me. He just can't move with surprise.

"Go on," I snap. "Over you go." I jerk my head.

When he is up against the wall I start to move. Then I know he's moving, too! I don't wait for the leap, but hurl the gun at him. He staggers, and flops on the floor and groans.

I am out of the room and in the passage, running. I don't wait to bring up the lift, but rush the stairs. There is nobody at the desk or in the vestibule. The door is shut, but I open it easily and I'm out on the street, hailing a taxi.

MAYBE I'm a little agitated for the driver looks at me hard. "Essendon airport," I pant. "It's urgent—"

His eyes run over my uniform and he doesn't ask any questions. He drops me at the gate.

There are no planes waiting and the control-room looks dead. I hurry down the line of hangars. I don't know what I'm going to do except find Chet. I don't dare think how I might find him.

The sliding doors are shut. There is a wind coming across the field and it makes them rock and bang in their runners. I peer in, close in to where two sections overlap. It is lighter in the hangar than outside because I see a wing, so I press my face harder into the crack. Then I see there is a light in the cabin of the Dakota.

I hang on the door and about Chet's name. The whole line of door sections rumbles and clatters. It drowns the noise I'm making. I remember then that most hangars have a rear door, and I run down the line between two hangars. There is a small door and it opens when I push it. I peep inside.

I can see Paul in the lighted cabin through the open door. He is sitting on the floor with a large sheet of paper spread out in front of him. He is sketching on this sheet, and he keeps referring to another sheet draped over his knee. He is copying something.

There is no sign of Chet. I think of fifty-seven different ways in which Paul might have got the best of him and they're all violent, and I'm miserable.

I creep close to the body of the plane so that I can see along inside. The hanging doors cover any noise. I make, and Paul is too absorbed to look around.

The hatch-opening grows smaller as I near the fuselage, and when it's just a crack I see Chet. He is lying on his back, his head pillowed on something. His hands are folded across his chest. That gives me a bad turn until I see them rise and

fall gently. Chet is just asleep, as peaceful as you like.

His old cap is on the floor beside him and there are two empty glasses. I think of drugs.

Paul shifts his position and a shoe comes into view, very elegant. I am happy that Chet is not hurt. I'm so relieved I want to sing. I have never wanted to sing so badly before. It is very odd.

Then I think that Chet will not want to sing if his plan is copied. There is something I can do now that I am here to save Chet's invention, but what it is I don't know. Paul is small, but he is a man and I have no gun this time. I am not very resourceful really.

I creep away from the plane and stand by the work-bench. For five minutes the doors drum, and Paul labors in the cabin. Then I think of something. It is not very startling but it is the best I can do.

The lights from the cabin fall on the bench and I search among the tools for what I want. It is a spool of wire and a spanner. I find them eventually and carry them to the door. I fix a very nice trip wire there, and place the spanner handily.

Then I start running back to the plane and calling, "Paul. Are you there, Paul? Dan's here—we've got to run for it."

I hear him scuffle to his feet and curse. He is crouched at the hatch stuffing away papers as I run up. He snarls at me, "Dan? Which Dan? What are you up to?"

I stop and pant. I'm agitated and I'm not acting. "Dan Brent," I gasp. "He's outside in a taxi. Chet's partner is on his way out—"

I stop to get my breath. I feel in need of a lot. This act could flop many different ways at once.

He jumps down. "Chet's partner," he says. He grabs hold of me and his eyes are narrowed. "How did you meet Dan Brent?"

"He was waiting up there in your room," I puff. "I knew what you were after with Chet and Dan, and I talked it over. You'd better get out of here fast." He is hurting my arm.

"Ed Heston's been searching the town for Chet, and he called at the hotel after you and Chet left, and the clerk sent him up to me because the description fitted Chet, and like a fool I told him you'd come out here—"

I squeak. "Paul, you're hurting me. Let go and wake up. Do you want Ed Heston to find you here?"

I can't see his eyes now. "Let's get this straight first," he snarls. "You were after it, too, were you? Who were you working for, the Rocket bunch? I saw you riding round 'Frisco with Dave Hawkins."

I shake off his hand. "Never mind that now," I snap. "As long as I get a cut from you, that's all that matters. We'll talk about it later. I don't want to get caught here by Ed Heston if you do—"

I suddenly turn and start running towards the door as if I'm really scared. It's dark there, but I know just how high to skip.

He's running now too, very fast. I'm looking back. If he doesn't trip on the wire I'll have to keep running to the control office and save enough breath to scream. But I hear him grunt as he trips, and then there's an awful thud. I jump back smartly for the spanner, but I don't need it. Paul has struck his head on the ground, and is out cold.

I go through his pockets and take out all the papers I can find. Then I hurry through the door, shut and lock it. He can't get in again when he wakes up. I start to sing now.

In the plane I squat beside Chet, put the papers in his dirty old cap, and feel his pulse. He's doing all right. I sit there looking at him. He's the sweetest looking truck-driver of the air you'd ever want to meet, very angelic asleep. And as I watch over him he seems to sprout some wings. Very odd.

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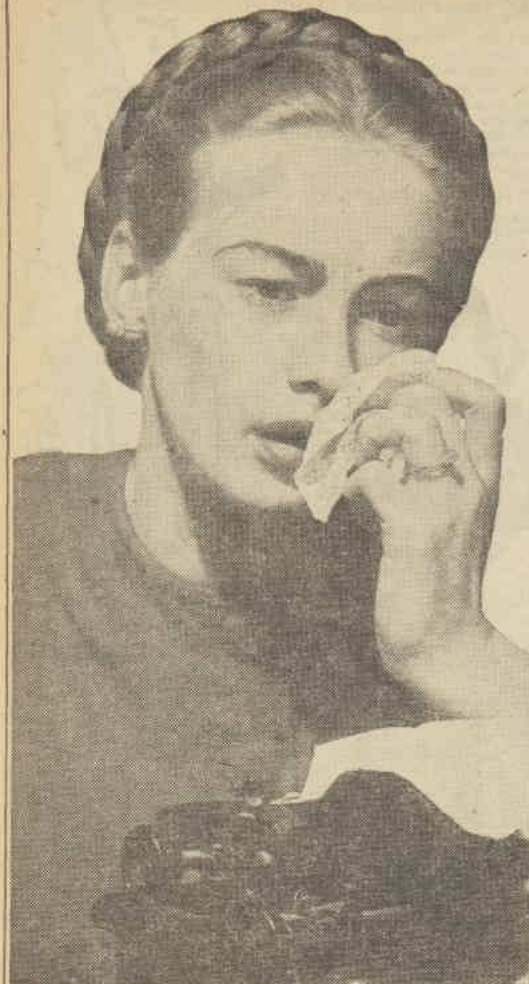
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As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THE sun moves into the sign Leo on July 24, promising good fortune and gains for most Arians, Leonians, and Sagittarians.

People in these groups should make the most of opportunities, but Aquarians, Scorpions, and Taurians are advised to live quietly, and dodge discord and upheavals.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week. For Perth time subtract two hours, for Adelaide time subtract 30 minutes. Other States as below:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Plan ahead and seek gains now. Best days July 26 (after 2 p.m.), 27, and 28 (morning, or 3 p.m. to 7 p.m.). July 29 (except near dusk) also very helpful.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Beware obstacles and worry now, especially on July 25, 26, 27 (early), and 29. Be especially careful to avoid quarrels and extravagance.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): July 23 (evening) very fair; 24 (evening) and 26 (after 2 p.m.) both helpful. But be fairly cautious on July 27 (late), 28, and 29.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Avoid over-confidence now, but seek good fortune on July 25 (after 10 a.m.), 26 (after 2 p.m.), 27, and 28 (5 p.m. to 7 p.m.). Rest of week poor.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Good weeks ahead, but avoid extravagance. July 25,



"I don't think Sibley's cut out for the shot-put!"

26, and 27 (to sunset) all treacherous. July 27 (evening) good. 28 (3 p.m. to 7 p.m.) excellent. 29 very helpful.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Concentrate on minor projects now. July 25 (except 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.) very good; 26 helpful; 27 (to 2 p.m.) good. Rest of week fairly poor.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Be cautious on July 24 and 25, but July 26 (after midday), 27, and 28 (to dusk, or 3 p.m. to 7 p.m.) all very helpful.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Beware indiscretions, upsets, and change on July 24, 25, or 26 (early). July 26 (after midday), and 27 (morning) can prove pleasing.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Make the most of opportunities now. July 23 poor; 25 (evening) fair; July 26 (after 2 p.m.), 27, and 28 (4 p.m. to 7 p.m.) all excellent.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): July 23 unreliable; 25 and 24 difficult. July 26 (after 2 p.m.), 27 (morning), and 28 (forenoon or late afternoon) all very helpful.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Beware losses and partings now. July 25 and 26 (early) adverse; 27 and 28 (dusk) deceptive. Keep to routine tasks.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Difficulties likely this week, so be fairly cautious. July 23 poor; 25 (after 2 p.m.) and 27 (to 2 p.m.) good. July 27 (late), 28, and 29 all poor.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Your Coupons

TEA: 25-36 (to August 17).
BUTTER: 55-27 (to August 17).
MEAT: Black, 57-60. Green 65 and 67.
CLOTHING: 1-56 (current).

The Australian Women's Weekly—July 26, 1947

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, have become involved in a series of murders happening at a city theatre. Struck by poison darts, Faravelli, famous singer, a policeman, and the stage doorman die. Mandrake orders the orchestra into the pit, and from a diagram works out the position of the murderer.

GALLO: First violinist, leaps up and escapes. His violin bow was hollow, with a spring in it which released darts. Mandrake and police follow him to his house. Opening the door, darts freed by a mechanism fly over their heads. Suddenly Gallo confronts them, pointing a dart gun threateningly.



NOW READ ON:





DICK HAYMES, singing star of the Fox technicolor musical "Carnival in Costa Rica," with the small monkey who has a part in the same film. All the cast became attached to the tiny animal, who amused them with his tricks.

Old-time players at studio party

Tribute to actors who helped found British industry

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

The English film world got very sentimental recently about its birthplace.

It invited the old men and grandmothers who were once the James Masons and Margaret Lockwoods of their day to come back to the place where it all started and have a look at what has been done since then.

MARGARET LOCKWOOD, to-day's first lady of British films, was their hostess and the occasion was the 50th birthday of Nettlefold Film Studios, where a man called Cecil Hepworth started making films in a red brick house.

Among those who turned up and nodded to the high-salaried stars of the present screen age were Henry Edwards and Chrissie White, the greatest romantic box-office pair England knew before the First World War.

Henry Edwards, grey and distinguished, is still playing in films (his latest are as a Scotland Yard inspector in "Take My Life" and as a surgeon in "Green for Danger"), is inseparable from Chrissie, who is his wife, and comes with him every day to the studio to watch.

Each thinks the other is terrific, and both are still very much in love. With lovely auburn hair and a

clear complexion, Chrissie White of the silent days, who doesn't look more than 40, claims to be 52, but according to the History of British Films she must be rather older than that, for she was quite an adult-looking heroine in 1904.

"Henry just can't keep away from films," she smiled.

"We have a farm near Newbury where there are enough chickens, hens, and cows to occupy him for the rest of his life, but the studio still exerts a spell on him that he can't resist."

"I can remember the day when a producer used to send me letters detailing the filming they planned for the following day."

"Bring an evening dress," he said once. "But not a good one, because you are going to fall in a river."

"The pay is seven-and-six for the day if we shoot, and if the weather is bad and we don't shoot, you get three-and-six."

"Sometimes we ran short of actors and would rush over to a house in the street opposite and ask, 'Is Mrs. Brown in?'"

"Ask her if she can leave her cooking for a moment. There is a part we want her to play. It won't take five minutes!"

This homely spirit about making a film still lingers magically at the small Nettlefold Studios near Walton-on-Thames, in contrast to the air of brisk commerce at the huge stages of Denham, Pinewood, and Sound City.

It is the sort of cheery carelessness about the technicians, some of whom date right back to the earliest days, that made Margaret Lockwood say of filming in "The White Unicorn" down there, "I had more fun here than I have had in a studio anywhere else."

Nettlefold House still stands in the studio grounds, dignified nowadays with a deep garden and a great air of tradition.

Some old-time stars now in reduced circumstances were so awed



PROUD MAMMA Dorothy Lamour with her son John Ridgely Howard after she had arranged a very belated first birthday party for him. Work on the Crosby-Hope Paramount film "Road to Rio" caused many postponements of John's party for some months.

★ The Demonstrator SAID "Yes, that shade would suit your complexion"



★ But she MEANT "No face powder would hide that blotchy skin!"

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Film Reviews

★★ FIESTA

AS might have been expected, the grimmer side of bull-fighting has been toned down in MGM's gay technicolor story starring Esther Williams and introducing a competent newcomer, Mexican Ricardo Montalban.

The story is simple, and presents beautiful Esther as Maria Morales, daughter of a famous bull-fighter whose sole ambition is to see Esther's twin brother Mario follow in his father's footsteps. As Mario has other ideas, which centre on piano composition, he proves a disappointment to papa. Maria comes to the rescue and takes her brother's place in the ring on several occasions, till Mario finally shows that he can both fight and compose.

While Esther Williams' acting ability is not yet on a level with her radiant beauty, Montalban shows that he has handsome looks and acting talent, too.

Mary Astor and Akim Tamiroff do well as the twins' parents, and dancer Cyd Charisse advances further towards stardom.

Mexican settings are colorful and authentic.—St. James; showing.

★ SONG OF ARIZONA

IN between putting over eight songs in Republic's modern-setting Western, Roy Rogers finds time to settle the hash of some crooks who are trying to force a mortgage foreclosure on veteran Gabby Hayes.

The whiskey Mr. Hayes has established a "Boys' Town" in Arizona, and the usual mild romance develops between Rogers and Dale Evans, sister of one of the ranch inmates.

It's unlikely that Rogers will be displaced from his position as number one cowboy star. He is never required to act, but his likeable personality and smooth singing always put his films across and win him more admirers.—Capitol; showing.

★ ONE MORE TO-MORROW

AN attempt by Warners to give new life to Phillip Barry's play, "The Animal Kingdom," first filmed successfully years ago, has not succeeded very well.

Stars of this version are Ann Sheridan, Dennis Morgan, Jack Carson, Alexis Smith, and Jane Wyman.

Period of the play has been brought up to the recent war, but the plot deals with a wealthy young man who is spurned by a poor but

Archers Films, who made "A Matter of Life and Death" and "Black Narcissus," started as a call-boy knocking on the doors of Alma Taylor—now untraced but believed to be married to an Australian doctor—and Violet Hopson, a hugely popular British star of the silents, earning 300 pounds sterling weekly, who retired to Notting Hill Gate after ending her film days as an extra at a guinea a day.

Her daughter, who works in a tiny suburban sweet shop, has no film ambitions, and says to callers, "I don't think she would like to come to a film reunion. She is in poor health and her nerves are bad."

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

honest girl and marries an unashamed gold-digger.

Dennis Morgan is likable as Tom Collier, and Ann Sheridan's handling of Christie Sage, who rejects Tom when he is wealthy and jobless but turns back to him when he is still wealthy but gets a job, is more convincing than Alexis Smith's beautiful but colorless gold-digger. Jack Carson is the advice-giving butler—Mayfair; showing.

FAMILY man Dennis Morgan is to work in Paris with Viveca Lindfors and a Warners company for the shooting of one-third of their film, "To the Victors."

Normandy and Paris backgrounds occupy so much of the film that it was thought better to visit the exact sites than to build duplicates of postwar Europe, around which the tale revolves.

Viveca may make a quick dash to Sweden to visit her husband, but will leave her recently arrived children in their Hollywood nursery until she returns.

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The Australian Women's Weekly — July 26, 1945

STARS IN THE SNOW

● Rita Hayworth, Columbia star, is skiing enthusiast in spare time. Since making "A Lady From Shanghai" opposite producer-director husband Orson Welles, Rita has announced divorce plans.

● June Allyson, winsome MGM star, is frequently seen at Sun Valley with sportswoman husband Dick Powell. Her next film is "Good News."

● Jane Powell, singing star discovery, is a trim figure on the ice rink. She will be seen in MGM's "The Birds and the Bees," starring Jeanette MacDonald.

● Esther Williams, MGM star, is a keen sportswoman, and well known at Sun Valley. Her next film will be the technicolor musical "Fiesta," with John Carroll.

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GOOD FOOD

FOR
Healthy Appetites



1 PURCHASE of racehorse Abbey R. from elderly Bostonian Martha (Ethel Griffies) is stroke of luck for spendthrift Jock (Cornel Wilde).



2 INFATUATED with lovely Leslie (Maureen O'Hara), Jock follows her to London. He meets her fiancé, Bill (Glenn Langan), but impresses Leslie with his racing prospects.

THE HOMESTRETCH

ONE of the most expensive racing films ever made is this Twentieth Century-Fox technicolor production, costing 2,575,000 dollars, which records races on 11 famous tracks, including England's Ascot.

Love story between stars Maureen O'Hara and Cornel Wilde moves between England and America, and 16,000 feet of technicolor film of the Coronation Parade of King George VI was purchased as a setting for their romance.



4 REUNION takes place in Buenos Aires with Jock's racing pals, who loan him ace jockey to ride Abbey R. Jock also decides to open breeding stables when his horse has won.



5 LOVE SCENE between Jock and ex-girl friend Kitty (Helen Walker) is observed by Leslie. Sick of racing life, she leaves Jock and returns to Boston, where Bill is waiting.



6 REALISATION that she loves Jock comes when Leslie hears he has lost all his money. Returning to his farm, he finds Leslie waiting for him with their prize racehorse.

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WHEN YOU have had a busy day with the family or with shopping or just in the house, this business of getting off to sleep easily, often seems a problem. Some people count sheep for hours until they fall into a restless slumber... others just toss and turn... but the wise ones encourage their deep, sound sleep with Bourn-vita.

Drink a hot cup of Bourn-vita before going to bed, to help you wake fresh and invigorated from a sound, restful sleep. Bourn-vita supplies a source of quick nourishment and energy upon which the system can draw. This is particularly important at bedtime, as medical science has definitely proved that the normal person uses more energy during the first hour

of sleep than during a normal waking hour. Bourn-vita is a perfectly balanced combination of protective foods — barley malt, eggs, full cream milk and chocolate. Being rich in diastase, it is easily digested and so places the least possible strain on the digestive organs. Bourn-vita contains calcium, phosphorus, and Vitamins A, B, and D, which give your body a chance to restore nerve vitality, to relax and restore tired muscles, and invigorate both mind and body.

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TRYING OUT The Australian Women's Weekly baby-carrier, Mrs. B. Fellows (left), with baby daughter Toni, and Mrs. T. Nilstrom, with Silma, found the babies rested snugly and happily. They were photographed at the Outpatients' Department of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, Sydney. Baby-carrier in off-white, pastel blue, grey, or beige may be obtained from the fashion pattern department of The Australian Women's Weekly in your own State—addresses page 33. Price of the carrier is 15/6. If ordering by post, state desired color, add 3d. for postage, or 6d. if you want the parcel registered.

If you have flu... go to bed immediately

"I T'S only a cold, doctor. I'll be back at the office to-morrow," croaked Jack Apperley.

He was sitting up in bed, looking flushed and heavy-eyed. Mrs. Apperley had said to me on the phone:

"His temperature's up, and he says he aches all over."

I took his temperature and said, "This is no cold, Jack. It's flu, and you should have been in bed two days ago."

"That's what I told him," his wife chimed in, "but he had a board meeting and he would go. Monday was a wretched day, too."

"It's always wiser to take a day in bed than to risk developing something that will incapacitate you for a couple of weeks," I told Jack.

"I'm worried about his temperature," said Mrs. Apperley, as I walked to the bathroom to wash my hands.

"A high temperature is one of nature's ways of making things un-

comfortable for the influenza virus. He may run a temperature for four or five days.

"Keep his eating utensils, table linen, and towels separate to prevent the spread of the infection, and give him some old pieces of clean, soft linen for use as handkerchiefs. These can be burned after use. Let the sunlight and fresh air into his room, but see that he stays in bed until his temperature is normal. I'll look in to-morrow."

"Should I heap the bedclothes on him and make him sweat?"

"Poison is not lost in the perspiration. The kidneys do that job with great efficiency. You will only make him uncomfortable to no purpose."

"Is there an epidemic of influenza at present?" asked Mrs. Apperley.

"Fortunately, the virulence of influenza has been low lately, and serious complications are rare. But early to bed is the one safety rule for all colds and influenza. Isolation, bed, and good nursing are the rules for quick recovery and prevention of spread."

[All names used in this article are fictitious.]

By MEDICO

New Ear-bobs

BEADS and sequins in brilliant colors make these grand new earrings for special occasions.

To make them you need ear clips, some sequins and small beads, and a small quantity of rayon yarn.

The bobbles are crocheted in rayon yarn and covered with sequins.

Work 3 ch. and join into a ring with a sl-st.

1st Round: Work 6 d.c. into the ring.
2nd Round: Work 2 d.c. in each d.c.

3rd Round: * 1 d.c. in each of the first 2 d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c.; rep. from * to end.

4th Round: 1 d.c. in each d.c.

5th Round: As 4th.

6th Round: * Miss first d.c., 1 d.c. in each of next 2 d.c.; rep. from * to end.

Now stuff tightly, then work into every alternate d.c. until closed. Fasten off. Make another base in the same way, then make two more bases, but omitting the 5th round, to make slightly smaller ball.

Stitch through the bobble, pick up one sequin and one bead in a contrasting color, then stitch back through the hole in the sequin. Com-



THESE sequin-studded ear-bobs are fascinating. Make a set.

pletely cover the bobble with sequins. Cover the smaller bobble in contrasting sequins and beads. Thread some beads and join to large bobble and clip. Make a shorter "stem" to second bobble. Similarly join the second pair and finish with tiny ribbon bows.



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BEAUTY IN THE FORTIES . . .



TO LOOK sophisticated and charming at forty is the individual privilege of the smart, modern woman.

● In the forties birthdays can be high-lights and need not count against the woman who has learned to be the attractive person her friends and family want her to be.

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

A SUCCESSFUL wife and mother in the average household has had a more than full-time job. But at 40 the most strenuous years are over.

The clever ones take stock and decide that as more birthdays will probably be their lot it is better to make each a highlight, and ignore the fact that it is a milestone.

The beauty angle is an important one. Appearance is a great morale builder or wrecker.

Glamour-girl stuff is not for the frankly 40, but rather elegant head-to-toe grooming and choice of a wardrobe for what correct lines, superior fit, and a good fabric will do for the figure.

Most important are a suitable hair-do and varying make-up and "care" habits to keep pace with the gradual skin transition that takes place.

Fading lip and cheek color, giving the skin a darker tone, is the signal to tone down make-up colors. Spotty, glaring rouge hardens and coarsens the face, emphasising lines and the tendency to sag.

Keeping rouge high above the curve of the cheek, placed close to the eyes, gives them sparkle and life and helps remove any "heavy" look.

It is important to study color carefully. In foundations and face powders too light a shade is ageing. The former should blend into the deepening skin color, and where it can be used, an oily-base type is recommended for protective qualities.

A pinkish face powder is most generally becoming, fluffed on and brushed off rather than rubbed into the skin.

Because lips often thin out, a light lipstick with a pinkish cast is a good general choice for mature women. It may be necessary to apply color inside the natural lip-line to give an illusion of greater fullness, but it's never wise to shape the mouth with an exaggerated line of color.

Excessively thin or distorted eyebrows add age to any face.

In eyebrow pencil brown is preferable to stark black, blue mascara a flattering choice with grey or white hair.

Eyeshadow, yes, if the eyes are not too deeply set, darkly shadowed, or the lids wrinkled. Blue or purplish eyeshadow for the greying blonde; brown or dark green, or a bronze mixture of both, for the greying brunette. Remember too much eye make-up emphasises crow's feet around the eyes.



DIAGRAM showing the application of rouge in an oblique line, employed when glasses are worn.



A CIRCULAR rouge line emphasises glasses, and makes the entire face appear much rounder.

It is quite likely that the woman of forty or over will wear glasses.

Hair styles should never be severe if spectacles are worn. Off centre styles are bad, but clear-browed soft height counters any round look.

Eyebrows should be kept to a normal line thickness and distance apart. If the lenses tend to magnify the eyes, use mascara sparingly. If the tendency is to minimise them, be more generous with it.

Rouge should be applied in an oblique line just beneath the cheekbone. Widening on the cheek sides and misted well up under the spectacle rims, it gives much more flattering results than a circular method of application.

And new to complexion care. Let's face it.

There is no need for any involved ritual at night to care properly for your skin, but I've never heard of anyone retaining a soft, smooth skin through the years without some well-directed help.

Here is the ABC of skin care: Counter the diminishing of oils and the tendency to dryness; and wrinkling with at least one daily cleansing with an oil-rich cream.

applied with light, upward strokes.

At least once a day, preferably before retiring, use a lubricating cream or oil, allowing a film to remain on all night, if possible. Apply generously around the eyes for laugh lines and crow's feet.

All creams, whether cleansing or nourishing, must be applied with deft, light strokes to follow the muscle structure of that part of the face and keep delicate tissues from sagging.

Muscles and tissues in the chin area are the first to lose "tone." To help keep contours firm, pat on a skin tonic right after cleansing, and slap briskly with the back of the hand. This causes contraction, steps up circulation, and firms the skin.

At this time, too, the professional facial will do a power of good for morale.

Don't discourage CHILDISH CURIOSITY

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

CURIOSITY is an effective teacher in the education of a small child.

It is natural to a healthy child to gather new sensations and new experiences from everything he touches and sees.

Whereas the tiny baby first explores things with his mouth, the growing child with his wider horizons uses his sense of touch and sight.

The sense of sight alone is not sufficient, and the sense of touch must explore all objects with which the child is not familiar.

Drawers must be pulled out and cupboards explored, and toys taken to pieces.

The mother who wisely recognises this, instead of the constant "don't touch," will be ready to explore and discover with the child.

She will provide safe areas, and constructive toys, in which he can exploit this innate curiosity.

In the welter of questions, "What?" and "How?" and "Why?" a parent can often answer in a way which gives part of the reason and let the child work out part of the reason himself.

This is sometimes better than giving the full, direct answer to the question asked, which will at once lead on to further questions!

Many parents answer a child's simple questions far too fully, giving it more information than it is able to digest at its present state of development, mistakenly assuming it should be told all that they know.

Questions, however, should always be answered honestly, if a child's trust and confidence are to be retained.

Questions concerning the facts of life which are wrongly answered often make the first rift in the child's complete confidence in his parents.

Curiosity, properly directed, will help a child to acquire knowledge which will serve him through life, and it is this self-same instinct which has brought about the greatest scientific discoveries of the ages.

A leaflet giving suggestions on how a small child's questions on the facts of life can be answered can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, Bridge Street, Sydney, if a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded with the request.

GET BACK YOUR PUNCH



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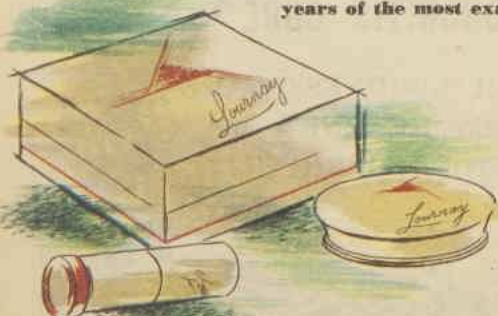
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FACE POWDER AND BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 26, 1947

Why have 'No Colour' Hair?

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STÄ-BLOND'S
New "MAKE-UP"

SHAMPOO

Sta-blond now gives to
"sort of" no colour hair, mousy,
fairish, brownish, a natural fair
look—not a bleached blonde
appearance.

Sta-blond makes it 4-6 natural,
lovely, lustrous shades lighter
WITHOUT UGLY BLEACHING

Sta-blond's NEW "make-up" Shampoo
now contains a wonderful new discovery—
Lanazol and Calophol—which end "dry
scalp" and make the hair easy to manage.
Try it. See why 18,000,000 packets
were sold in United States, Great
Britain, South Africa, Canada, Aus-
tralia and other countries of the world
in 1946. (Sta-blond is known as
Blondex in some countries.)

STA-BLOND MAKES YOU PRETTIER!
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SO
S-O-O-T-H-I-N-G
FOR DRY
CRACKED LIPS



Drink Craving Destroyed

Do you suffer through the curse of
excessive drinking? Eucrazy has
been the means of changing misery
to happiness in homes for the past
50 years. Harmless, can be given
secretly or taken voluntarily.
State which required. Posted in
plain wrapper.

Price 20/- Full Course
Dept. W, EUCRAZY CO.
297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

fortuna
cloth

Shade- loving ANEMONES



SINGLE white Japanese anemone grows well on the shady side of the
garden, where its cup-shaped, graceful flowers make a fine display for
many months of the year. There are several new colored variations
of this plant.

● While the winter lasts and growth has
slowed right up, it is time to lift and divide
perennials such as the fibrous-rooted Jap-
anese anemone or wind-flower.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

THIS perennial her-
baceous plant with
cup-shaped white or
pink flowers is most
suitable for the border or rock
garden on the shady side.

It revels in an acid, moist soil and
rarely does well in full sunlight or
any spot where the ground is allowed to
dry out for any length of time.

The plants are probably most
beautiful when set out under natural
conditions in plantations or on
banks among trees, where the grace-
ful flowers on slender stems rising
above sturdy clumps of foliage make
a bright display.

They should be set out in moist
soil, rich in humus (including well-
rotted manure), and do equally well
if planted under a well-shaded per-

gola or on the south side of a fence
or wall.

Frequent watering and a mulch
of decayed leaves will materially in-
crease their beauty. The clumps
with their fibrous roots may be in-
creased by division now or in spring,
although the plants normally resent
disturbance.

In addition to the white variety
there is a pale pink, as well as a
white variety tinged with rose or
pale purple, the flowers of which
are bigger than anemone japonica
alba (the single white variety).

In recent years hybrids have
much improved this flower, and
most catalogues contain the names
of several others, including rose-
pink, silvery-pink, rose-pink with
lavender centre, semi-double white,
wavy-red, and mauve shaded with
lavender.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

IF you have trouble cutting pie
into five equal portions, first cut
a large "X," and then divide the
two larger sections in halves.

TRY cleaning playing-cards by
rubbing on both sides with a
little butter on a piece of clean
dannel. Then polish with another
piece of flannel dipped in dry flour.

IF you heat lemons before squeez-
ing them, you will get double
the quantity of juice.

POTATOES will bake much more
quickly if they are washed in
hot water and left to stand in it
a minute.

TO prevent milk from burning
when heating, first rinse the
saucepan out with cold water.

IMMERSE discolored handker-
chiefs in a pan of cold water to
which a quarter of a teaspoon of
cream of tartar has been added.
This will whiten them.

WHEN buying vegetables, see
that they are fresh and crisp.
It's best to shop early in the morn-
ing, before heat, light, air, and sun-
shine take their vitamin toll.

HAVE you ever tried sharpening
scissors on fine sandpaper? Just
cut through the paper several times
and you'll be amazed how much
sharper they will be.

GOLD borders on plates can be
cleaned by scrubbing them with
a toothbrush dipped in bicarbonate
of soda.



HALF AN ORANGE, with juice
squeezed out, makes a satisfactory
holder for flowers in a wide bowl.

TO remove mould from furniture,
use a good sponge with a mix-
ture of one pint of boiling water and
one dessertspoonful of ammonia.
Wipe dry before polishing.

DON'T forget to put some stale
bread through the mincer after
use. This makes it easier to wash.

REMOVE any marks from the car-
pet as they appear; don't wait
for cleaning day.



SMASH WINTER COLDS NOW

WITH

VAXOS

THE MODERN SCIENTIFIC METHOD
OF DESTROYING CATARRHAL GERMS

When you're wet and chilled with rain and wind...
there's danger in your lowered resistance! In this condition
infecting catarrhal germs easily overcome your natural body
defence... coughs, colds and influenza quickly follow.

For speedy relief and long lasting immunisation, follow the
lead of thousands of other Australians and fight invading
bacteria by taking a few drops of VAXOS No. 1 in water
each morning. VAXOS No. 1 is not a medicine but a scientific
treatment discovered and produced by a leading Australian
doctor. Taken by mouth, without necessity for painful in-
jections, it is rapidly absorbed into the bloodstream, where it
goes straight to work, destroying the germs responsible for
the complaint. Continued VAXOS treatment builds a natural
defence force in the body and immunises against future at-
tacks for up to two years. Your chemist sells and recommends
VAXOS.

Obtainable at all good chemists in two sizes, large 21/-,
medium 12/6d.

VAXOS No. 1 for CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, CHRONIC COLDS,
INFLUENZA, HAY FEVER, ANTRUM AND SINUS TROUBLES.



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Which day do YOU
serve SAVOY?

WHICH Day? Well, we're hard to please
so we have two SAVOY days a week.
Sunday evenings, the little lady whips up
a dish of Savoy Spaghetti, with trimmings—
double size, too, so we can start right with
a "re-heat" breakfast Monday mornings.
No Monday blues for us. No sir! Not with
crisped bacon and plump, golden SAVOY
on the menu.

Always
Soy
S.J.

Savoy
NUTRIFOODS

**SPAGHETTI
MACARONI
AND OTHERS**

SAVOY NUTRIFOODS PTY. LTD. 20 GEORGE STREET, LEICHHARDT, N.S.W.

Rheumatism, Ankles Puffy, Backache, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out o'-sorts, have
Sleepless Nights, or suffer from
Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache,
Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles, Rheu-
matism, Excess Acidity, or Loss of
Energy and feel old before your
time, Kidney Trouble is the true
cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry,
cold or overwork may create an
excess of acids and place a heavy
strain on your kidneys so that they
function poorly and need help to
properly refresh your blood and
maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctors' Way

Many doctors have discovered by
scientific clinical tests and in ac-
tual practice that a quick and sure
way to help the kidneys clean out
excess poisons and acids is with a
scientifically prepared prescription

called Cystex. Hundreds and hun-
dreds of doctors' records prove this.

No Benefit — No Pay

The very first dose of Cystex goes
right to work helping your kidneys
remove excess acids. Quickly, this
makes you feel like new again. And
so certain are the makers that
Cystex will satisfy you completely
they ask you to try it under a
money back guarantee. You be the
judge. If not entirely satisfied just
return the empty package and get
your money back.

Cystex costs little at chemists and
stores and the money back guarantee
protects you. Now in 2 sizes—4/-, 8/-.

Cystex
for
KIDNEYS
BLADDER
RHEUMATISM
The Guaranteed Treatment

⁶⁶ Bake this delicious **KRUSTO** Apple Pie ⁹⁹



says
Elizabeth Cooke
Kraft's famous
Cookery and Nutrition
Expert



Melt-in-
your-mouth

KRUSTO apple pie

2 cups Krusto;
½ cup water; ½ - ¾ lb. apples;
sprinkle of cinnamon.

Stew the apples with sugar and
cloves to taste and allow to cool.
Add the water to the Krusto and
mix into a stiff dough. Roll thinly
on a lightly-floured board and line
pie-plate. Put on apples, top with
pastry and sprinkle with cinnamon.
Bake in a hot oven, 400 degrees F.,
for 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold
with cream or custard.



"Apple Pie always tops the list of
dessert favourites," says Elizabeth
Cooke, "but it's a sensation when you
make a **KRUSTO** Apple Pie. That's
because **KRUSTO** has been specially
designed to make your apple pies
the best you've tasted yet!"

KRUSTO is the new, super-crisp
Pastry Mix made by Kraft. You just
add water to **KRUSTO**, mix and roll
for pastry that looks as if it could
fly out of your oven. Lighter, crisper
pastry that bakes to the gorgeous,
golden colour of sun-drenched
honey. And **KRUSTO** Pastry is

tastier. You can tell the fine quality
of **KRUSTO** ingredients from the
richer, fresher **KRUSTO** flavour!

Don't be caught short-handed!
Keep an extra packet of **KRUSTO**
in your pantry. Next time you are
at your grocer's ask for TWO packets
of **KRUSTO**.



"CHEESE STRAWS"

Mix in: 2 cups Krusto; 4 ozs. Kraft
Cheese (grated); 1 teaspoon Cayenne
Pepper; ½ cup Water.

Roll out to thin layer of dough. Cut
into strips—brush on a little water and
sprinkle with salt. Bake in a quick oven
until golden brown.



FOR PASTRY THAT LOOKS AS IF IT COULD FLY OUT OF YOUR OVEN

KRUSTO

When MINUTES Count

By our Food and
Cookery Experts

THESE are two quick and easy meals you'll be proud to serve.

There are busy days in the life of even the most methodical housewife — days when every minute counts and there is little time for meal preparation.

The breakfast and dinner menus featured on this page will serve five people.

BREAKFAST MENU

Prunes and Ground Rice
Hot Marmalade Pancakes
Toast and Honey
Milk Coffee

To prepare the suggested breakfast in the shortest possible time, some preparation should be done in advance.

Dry type prunes should be soaked the night before.

If powdered milk is being used for the ground rice it may be mixed with the water and allowed to stand overnight—it does not deteriorate, nor does its food value lessen.

Ingredients for hot marmalade pancakes may be set out ready for quick measuring and mixing in the morning.

STEWED PRUNES

Half pound prunes, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons sugar, thin piece of lemon rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Wash prunes well, soak overnight

in cold water to cover (dessert prunes will not need soaking). Place sugar, water, lemon rind and juice into saucepan. When boiling, add prunes, cover, and simmer gently until tender.

GROUND RICE

One pint warm water, 2 heaped tablespoons powdered milk (or 1 pint fresh milk), 2 tablespoons ground rice, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, nut of butter.

Whisk powdered milk with water, add sugar. Blend ground rice to a smooth thin paste with a little of the sweetened milk. Place remainder of milk in saucepan; when nearly boiling stir in blended ground rice. Continue stirring while mixture simmers 3 or 4 minutes. Add butter and vanilla. Serve hot or cold with hot or cold stewed fruit. A dusting of cinnamon, nutmeg, or grated lemon rind may be added for extra flavor.

HOT MARMALADE PANCAKES

One cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, marmalade, castor sugar.

Sift flour and salt into a basin. Make a well in the middle, add unbeaten egg. Stir flour in gradually from sides, adding milk a little at a time. When half milk has been added, beat well to remove all lumps. Gradually add balance of milk. Put a small piece of butter in omelet-pan; allow to become very brown. Wipe out with clean kitchen paper. Put in another small piece of butter and melt.

Measure 2 tablespoons batter into a cup, pour into pan, shake pan gently to spread batter evenly. Cook over moderate heat until set and lightly browned underneath. Loosen edges with knife, toss or turn with



broad-bladed knife; cook until browned on other side.

Lift on to plate over saucepan of boiling water; cover with saucepan lid to keep hot while other pancakes cook. A little more melted butter will be needed for each pancake. Spread cooked cakes with marmalade, roll up, and dust with castor sugar.

MILK COFFEE

Two cups cold water, 2 cups milk (or 1 cup water, 3 cups milk), pinch of salt, 3 heaped dessertspoons pure coffee.

Place all ingredients in saucepan, bring slowly just to boiling point. Strain and serve.

A BREAKFAST any family would be glad to eat and any homemaker happy to serve. Prunes with ground rice, hot marmalade pancakes, toast and coffee, all prepared in a matter of minutes if you follow the detailed plan on this page.

DINNER MENU

Hot Tomato Juice Cocktail
Melba Toast
Crumbed Veal Slices
Shredded Cabbage
Potato Straws
Carrot Straws
Lemon Shortbread Tartlets

A considerable amount of advance preparation may be done for the dinner menu suggested above.

In the morning make shortbread tartlets, cook and cool. Just before serving for dinner at night, fill them with lemon butter and reheat. Don't overdo the reheating, though, or lemon butter will bubble over the pastry cases and spoil their good looks!

Potatoes and carrots may be scrubbed and dried ready for peeling or scraping.

Veal slices may be crumbed ready for cooking.

HOT TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

One and a half cups tomato juice, 1½ cups water, salt to taste, squeeze of lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Combine all ingredients and heat almost to boiling point. Serve immediately in heated soup bowls with crisp Melba toast.

CRUMBED VEAL SLICES

One and a half pounds veal steak, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, crumbs for covering, fat for frying, lemon wedges or slices to garnish.

Wipe and trim steak, cut into service-sized pieces. Rub lightly on both sides with a cut lemon. Coat with seasoned flour. Dip each piece into egg-glazing made by combining beaten egg and milk. Toss in breadcrumbs, stand a few minutes,

then dip again in egg-glazing and toss again in crumbs. Press crumbs on well with broad-bladed knife. Have ready melted fat about 1 in. deep in frying-pan. When smoking hot place steak in carefully, brown on both sides. Reduce heat and cook gently 12 to 15 minutes, turning meat once more during cooking time. Drain on clean paper and serve garnished with lemon slices or wedges.

CARROT STRAWS

Wash and scrape carrots. Cut into strips about the same size as potato chips. Drop into boiling salted water (1 teaspoon salt to 1 pint water). Cover and cook quickly 12 to 15 minutes. Drain and serve hot.

POTATO STRAWS

Scrub and dry potatoes, peel thinly, cut into straws. Dry thoroughly on clean tea-towel. If a frying-basket is used, place chips in and lower gently into deep fuming fat. If shallow frying-pan is used, have it half-full of fuming fat and slide chips in carefully from a flat plate. Cook quickly until browned and potatoes have stopped steaming. Turn chips on to clean kitchen paper to absorb excess fat, sprinkle well with salt, serve immediately.

SHREDDED CABBAGE

Half cabbage, 2 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon salt, nut of butter or margarine.

Wash cabbage well, shred finely. Place in saucepan with water, butter or margarine. Sprinkle with salt. Cover closely and cook over low heat 6 to 8 minutes, shaking pan occasionally to prevent sticking. Drain liquid off and serve in hot dish.

Continued on page 46

THESE are the main dishes of the dinner menu suggested above. Crumbed veal slices, potato and carrot straws, shredded cabbage make an appetizing meal.



**DAD WASHING
TABLETS
DO THE
WASH LIKE
MAGIC!**

There's no magic—it's the new improved formula of Dad Washing Tablets that washes away Dirt, Grease and Stains—safely, quickly and without rubbing. Pop a Dad Tablet or two into the copper with a little of your usual soap or soap powder for the whitest, brightest wash you have ever seen.

DAD saves TIME-ENERGY-SOAP!

Try Dad for your next wash—your grocer has stocks NOW!



They're well worn . . . but they've worn well

THANKS TO
KIWI



**HAPPY
CHILD-
HOOD**

He has come safely and happily through teething by the aid of Steedman's Powders, the safe gentle aperient which for over 100 years mothers have given to children up to the age of 14 years.

Give
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POWDERS**

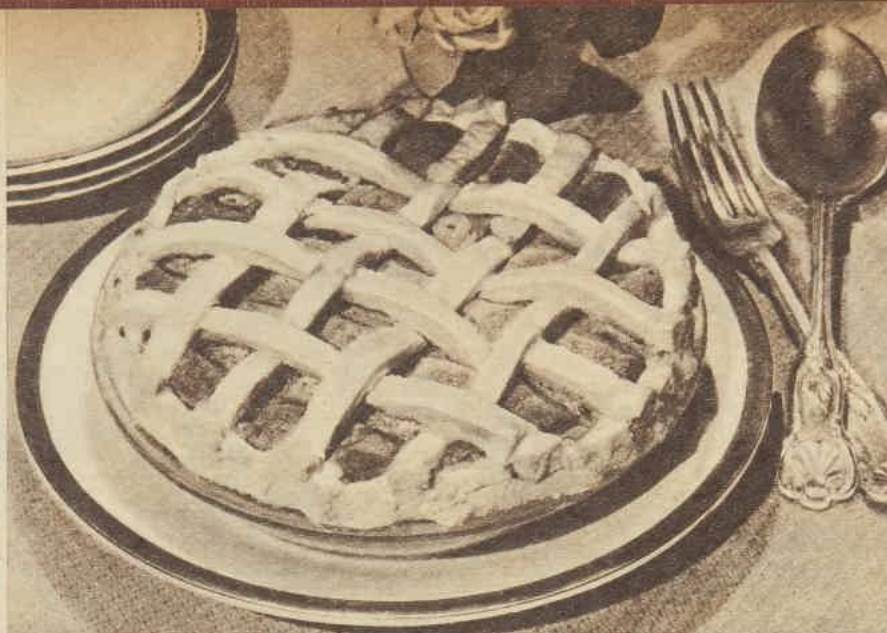
John Steedman & Co., Wolverhampton Rd., London, Eng.

**ASTHMA
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Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health, and weaken your constitution. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, starts relieving Asthma in 3 minutes, and builds new vigour so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything, and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to satisfy completely or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

For Asthma . . . Now 6/- & 12/-



A SUGAR-SAVING HINT: Beat egg-whites stiffly, fold in raspberry jam, and spread over top of tart before decorating with pastry strips. See recipe for lemon and raspberry tart.

READERS' BEST RECIPES . . .

● First prize this week is a recipe for a delicious dish combining sweetbreads and bacon. Grand breakfast or luncheon fare.

If you're looking for a variation of meringue topping for sweet tarts, try folding a little raspberry jam into the stiffly beaten egg-whites in place of sugar. You'll love the way it puffs up—goes well with the lemon custard filling in the tart, too.

A tasty, appetising dish from a combination of cabbage and cheese is another prizewinner. Folded into a rich white sauce and baked in the oven it makes an appetising, different casserole for luncheons.

BRAISED SWEETBREADS AND BACON

One pound sweetbreads, 1 carrot, 1 stick celery, 1 tomato, 2 rashers bacon, pepper and salt, 1 pint stock, 1 heaped teaspoon fat, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 teaspoon Worcester-shire sauce, 1 teaspoon tomato sauce, chopped parsley.

Cover sweetbreads with cold water, soak 1 hour. Cover with fresh cold water, bring to boil, drain. Plunge into unsalted boiling water, simmer 20 minutes. Drain, remove skin. Cut into 1 in. cubes. Peel and dice vegetables; place in saucepan with stock, salt, pepper. Place sweetbreads on top of vegetables, cover with bacon. Simmer with lid on 1 hour. Strain liquid from pan and reserve for gravy.

Melt fat, add flour, and brown. Stir in liquid from saucepan, add sauces. Serve meat and vegetables on hot dish, pour gravy over. Dust with chopped parsley.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. M. Francis, 6 Wardang St., Port Pirie West, S.A.

GINGER FLAKES

Half cup margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 cup chopped preserved ginger or chopped nuts, corn-flakes.

Cream shortening and sugar well together. Add egg, beating well. Lastly, add sifted flour and salt, mixing well. Fold in ginger or nuts. Roll teaspoonfuls of mixture in cornflakes. Place well apart on greased tray. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes till golden-brown. When cooked and cooled, store in airtight jar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss N. Smith, Hillside, Vic.

SAVORY CABBAGE CASSEROLE

One dessertspoon shortening, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk, salt and pepper, 1 cup grated cheese, 2 cups cooked shredded cabbage, 1 egg. Melt shortening, add flour, salt and pepper, and cook 1 to 2 minutes. Add milk and stir till boiling. Add grated cheese, cabbage, and

beaten egg-yolk. Lastly, fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Pour mixture into greased ovenware dish. Stand in dish of hot water and cook in medium oven (350deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Serve immediately with baked tomato-halves and fingers of toast.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Judith Johnson, 4A Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

LEMON AND RASPBERRY TART

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk, 1 1/2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 egg-yolks, raspberry jam, cake or biscuit crumbs.

Line tin, tart-plate with pastry. Prick bottom with fork. Spread thin layer of raspberry jam over base of tart. Sprinkle thickly with crumbs. Melt shortening, add flour. Cook 1 to 2 minutes over low heat without browning. Add milk and stir till boiling. Cool slightly. Beat egg-yolks with sugar and add to cooled sauce mixture. Fold in lemon juice and rind. Pour into prepared pastry-shell. Whip egg-whites stiffly with pinch of salt. Fold in 1 tablespoon raspberry jam. Pile on top of lemon custard, spreading to pastry edge. Glaze edge of pastry and decorate top of tart with strips of pastry. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F.) for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 375deg. and cook a further 15 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to J. M. Bradshaw, 11 Homer Ave., Moonah, Hobart.



THESE PARTY BISCUITS look good, and are so simple, too. Save precious butter by simply adding 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg-yolk, a little milk, and 1 teaspoon grated orange rind to 12ozs. shortcrust pastry. Cook in usual way—fill and decorate as illustrated.



**CORINNE
Magic
LIPSTICK**

Achieve a lipstick colour that is yours and yours alone . . . with Corinne MAGIC. A neutral orange shade in the tube. Corinne MAGIC actually changes colour on your lips to produce your own individual tone of soft, natural red. Positively indelible.

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Are you dragging YOUR ANCHOR?

Do you feel that you have lost your zest for living, that even everyday routine is an effort? Does exhaustion always follow exertion at work or play? Don't you realise that you can't be a big success in life if you are always tired? Fortunately, there is an answer to your problem. You can regain your normal buoyancy and joy of living by taking WINCARNIS, a rich, full bodied wine blended with nourishing ingredients. WINCARNIS is rich in the basic elements and foods that fortify the brain and nerves, and do good to the whole system. Get WINCARNIS from your chemist today. Many thousands of recommendations from medical men testify to its high recuperative value. Ask for WINCARNIS . . . the "Quick Action" tonic.

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CHEST COLD
SORE THROAT
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The moist heat of an ANTI-
PHLOGISTINE poultice
relieves: cough, tightness
of chest, muscle aches
due to chest cold, bron-
chial irritation and sore
throat.

BOILS
SPRAIN, BRUISE
SORE MUSCLES

Apply an ANTI-
PHLOGISTINE poultice just hot
enough to be comfortable
—then feel the moist heat
go right to work on that
cough, tightness of chest, muscle aches.
Effective and soothing for several hours.

The moist heat of an ANTI-
PHLOGISTINE poultice also relieves pain, reduces swelling,
limbers up stiff, aching muscles due to a
sprain, bruise, similar injury or condition.
It is also effective for boils. Get
ANTI-
PHLOGISTINE at your chemist or
store to-day.

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rid your child
of Worms**

Get quick, permanent relief with
SAN-O-LAX WORM SYRUP. San-
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medicinal ingredient which quickly
gets to work (usually whilst the child
is sleeping) destroying and removing
any worm presence. San-o-lax is
pleasant and safe to take—children
love it! Your chemist sells.

**SAN-O-LAX
WORM SYRUP**

Distributed by Foster & Binks Pty.
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For Beauty!

**"Coverspot"
Conceals Blemishes"**

HERE'S A LIGHT HEARTED
SPONGE CAKE THAT WHISPERS

"Why think of a Waist-line.?"



Thistledown Sponge

One and quarter cups self-raising flour, containing "Aerophos," 4 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 4 tablespoons milk, 1 oz. butter. Sift flour three times. Grease two 8 inch sandwich tins and lightly dust with flour. Separate egg yolks and whites. Whisk egg whites until stiff but not dry and then gradually whisk in the sugar. Whisk in the yolks, beating until thick and creamy. Fold in the flour, lightly and thoroughly, using an upward and over movement and not stirring. Fold in the heated milk in which the butter has been melted. Pour into the prepared tins. Cook in a moderate oven for 20 to 25 minutes, carefully and quickly changing the position of the tins after 15 minutes, if necessary. Cool on a cake sieve. When cold sandwich layers together with jam and fresh or mock cream, or with ice cream (just before serving).



THIS IS THE "A & W" SEAL
Many brands of self-raising flour
and baking powder show the
"A & W" Seal on the packet as
a guarantee that it contains only
"AEROPHOS" as the raising
ingredient.

It's just as delicious as it looks . . . a persuasive cake . . . a cake to woo and win those timid appetites, to hint, to suggest, to insist that you try it again. Bake it next red letter day. Use a leading brand of self-raising flour containing "Aerophos" for that fine, feathery, perfect texture of today's better baking.

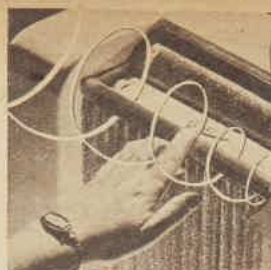
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REGD. TRADE MARK

is the Self-Raising Ingredient

USED BY ALL LEADING BRANDS OF SELF-RAISING FLOUR and BAKING POWDER

* "AEROPHOS" IS THE REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF ALBRIGHT & WILSON (AUST.) PTY. LTD.



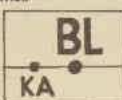
● The old-time tuning knob has gone! A high-speed silent-operating extruded aluminium roller takes its place. You spin the programme, TASMA is the only radio with "ROLLER" TUNING (Pat. Pend.) . . . the only radio with this entirely new twist to tuning. It's just one of the post-war developments which keeps TASMA ahead of the field . . . which makes Tasme the radio that alters opinions.

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8-ZONE ROTARY DIAL Provides perfect station zoning. Only the stations you USE are visible.

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Dr. NEWELL'S EYE DROPS

Only two or three drops of "DR. NEWELL'S EYE DROPS" will revitalise your tired eyes immediately. That dull, listless appearance is relieved with this soothing, effective remedy. Regular daily use of DR. NEWELL'S EYE DROPS will keep your eyes free from strain and infection. Safe for children. Safe for adults.

AT CHEMISTS,
OPTICIANS,
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IN SECONDS!



"THE TONIC FOR
TIRED EYES."
★ Make This Test.
Put a few drops of
DR. NEWELL'S in
one eye only, and in
ten minutes see the
difference between
each eye.



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it's time for MYZONE . . .

MEN CAN'T REALISE—and it's so hard to "explain" when dragging, exhausting muscular cramps mean broken appointments and "time off." On those days every month, when you would give anything to be able to shake off that terrible feeling of weakness—try a couple of little Myzone tablets.

ALREADY five out of every nine women are blessing this wonderful new pain-relief. For Myzone's special *Asterin* (anti-spasm) compound brings immediate—more complete and lasting—relief from severe period pain, headache and sick-feeling, than anything else you've ever known.

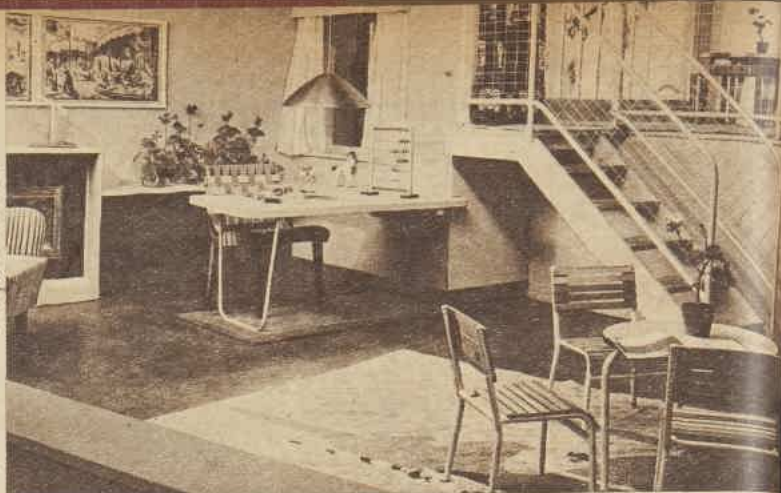
PAIN
you
can't
explain'

YOU HAVE TO
TELL A
"white lie"

★ Just take two Myzone tablets with water or cup of tea. Find blessed relief and new, bright comfort . . . absolutely safe—notice how there is no "doping." At all chemists.

TRY
myzone
WITH YOUR VERY NEXT
"PAIN"

AN ULTRA-MODERN NURSERY shown at the British Industries Fair at Olympia. Up a short flight of stairs is the night nursery.



MODELLING A MODERN NURSERY . . .

● Mothers love to plan attractive surroundings for their children. And they are right to do so, for these surroundings are most important in the children's mental development.

ALTHOUGH the average budget does not allow for an elaborate nursery a lot more could be done than putting a stretcher and wardrobe in a nondescript second bedroom and making the child play and do his homework at the kitchen table.

The size of a child's room is not so important, particularly if it has

direct access to the garden, but its exposure is and should be either north or east—remembering that a young child goes to bed at a time when a room towards west is almost unbearable in summer.

The most important considerations for nursery equipment and furnishings—in fact, the standards by which they should be judged—are safety, cleanliness, and flexibility.

As far as safety is concerned, furniture must be sturdy.

A wardrobe or shelves are never



A COT in which part of one side is hinged and formed as a ladder. Care must be taken to have spacing between rungs small enough to eliminate danger of a toddler falling through.



LEFT: Storage space and desk combined for the older child. The desk when closed can form a black-board.

RIGHT: Collapsible high chair, which can be converted as desired into a low chair and table.



Never neglect a leg scratch . . .



A leg scratch? Then do this . . . cleanse the wound, and apply a Johnson & Johnson BAND-AID Adhesive Bandage. It will keep out dirt, help prevent infection.

Stick on a
Band-Aid

ADHESIVE
BANDAGE

8th PKT
OF
12

DOUBLE SIZE
FAMILY PACK
1/3 for 24

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON, WORLD'S
LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS



TIRED KIDNEYS OFTEN BRING Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have disturbed nights. Frequent or poor kidney action sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't delay. Ask your chemist or store for Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, a stimulant-diuretic used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes eliminate poisonous waste from your blood.

Ask your Chemist or Store for

DOAN'S
Backache Kidney Pills
DPI9



SO SMART... The crisp crochet daisies measure 2½ inches in diameter, are easily made, and launder beautifully. Move them about when you want a change. Try two together at the waist, or a charming effect could be achieved by stitching a row round the skirt of a long, black formal dress, with a matching one for your hair. See directions for making.

so high that a child could not climb up, but they can be so sturdy and solid that climbing up won't hurt the child (or the furniture).

Cleanliness is a matter of course. Floors and tables ought to be covered with linoleum or rubber or plastic material.

No dust-catching frills ought to be used, and all hangings ought to be washable.

Ordinary wallpapers can be made washable by treating them with a coat of colorless waterproofing.

As to flexibility, all furniture should be adaptable to the size and the needs of the growing child, so as to make it possible to use the same room and furniture through the 16 years during which a child grows from about 2½ inches to approximately 5ft. 7in. without major alterations except the unavoidable change from cot to single bed, room for which ought to be provided from the beginning.

The child's room has to fulfil a number of functions.

"One of these is storage. When providing for storage of clothing it should be remembered that a child needs less hanging space and more room for underwear and jumpers and the like than the adult.

More important from the child's

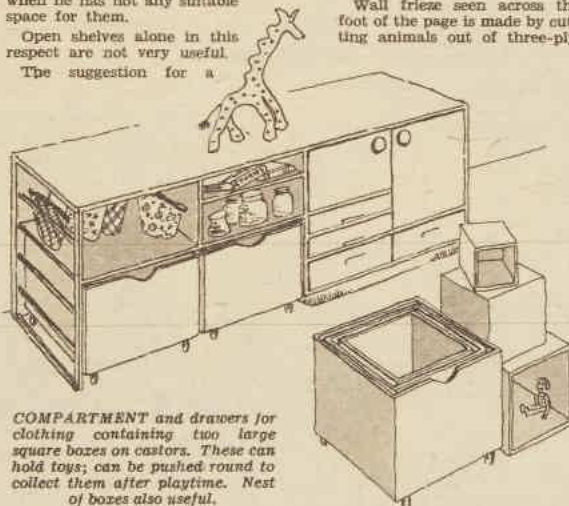
point of view is the storage of toys. It is, of course, useless to expect a child to tidy up his belongings when he has not any suitable space for them.

Open shelves alone in this respect are not very useful.

The suggestion for a

modern nursery sketched on these pages are by H. A. and E. M. Burch.

Wall frieze seen across the foot of the page is made by cutting animals out of three-ply.



COMPARTMENT and drawers for clothing containing two large square boxes on castors. These can hold toys; can be pushed round to collect them after playtime. Nest of boxes also useful.



I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO GET DRESSED, CHIEF, BUT THESE CRYSTAL PYJAMAS CAN STAND UP TO IT!

Can a Career Girl at 30 compete with girls of 24?

Mary had been unsuccessful until Aunt Amy put her wise.

IT'S NO USE, I'LL NEVER GET THE JOB. DRAB HAIR MAKES ME LOOK OLD. WHY CAN'T I HAVE YOUNG LOOKING HAIR LIKE YOURS!

BUT MARY, DIDN'T YOU KNOW? INECTO RAPID HAIR COLOURING KEEPS HAIR THAT WAY... HERE I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO...

MARY USED INECTO RAPID—in 30 minutes, youthful, true-to-life colour had returned. Mary looked brighter, younger. Felt confident.

CONGRATULATIONS MISS JONES! THE BOARD HAS ELECTED YOU OUR HEAD BUYER.

THANKS! TRUE-TO-LIFE INECTO RAPID HAIR COLOURING.

It's the exciting, quick way to make hair charming—with radiant true-to-life colour—Inecto Rapid won't wash out and when used as directed is perfectly harmless. Get a packet of Inecto Rapid.

INECTO RAPID HAIR COLOURING

CONSULT YOUR HAIRDRESSER OR BUY FROM CHEMISTS

BUT I CAN'T SLEEP WITH A MISERABLE COLD

Mother, Relieve His Cold WHILE HE SLEEPS

THE treatment is quite simple. Mother! Rub the child's throat, chest and back at bedtime with Vicks VapoRub. At once VapoRub starts to work in 2 ways to relieve all those discomforts. And the child, feeling warm and relaxed, soon falls asleep.

While the child sleeps, VapoRub goes on working for hours like this...

INSIDE

Its medicinal vapours are breathed into the irritated air-passages. There they clear stuffy nose, soothe sore throat, calm coughing.

OUTSIDE

And VapoRub works in another way as well... on the chest and back. Like a warming, soothing poultice, it eases congestion, "draws out" tightness.

Next morning, usually, the child wakes up delighted to find the worst of the cold over!



VICKS VAPORUB

Unhappy Birthday

Suspect... faulty elimination

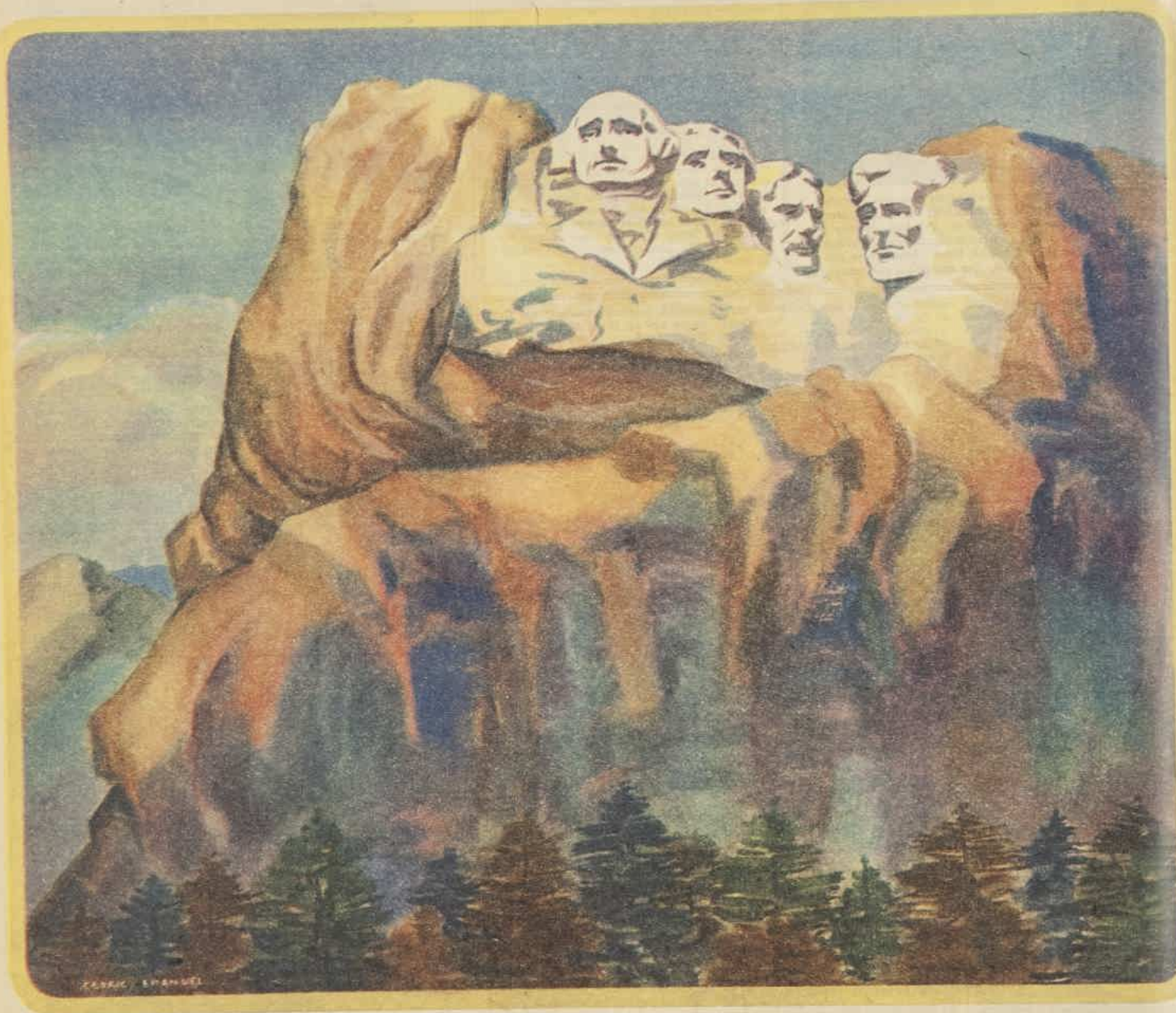
Everyone needs a laxative sometimes... a gentle, effective, non-habit-forming laxative... a laxative that may be given safely to quite young children... in fact, Laxettes... packed in tins for your protection.

LAXETTES
The gentle and effective laxative



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F4751

F4751.—Befrilled frock to make morning shopping excursions enjoyable. Pattern may also be obtained without frill and pockets. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. wide. Pattern 1/8.



F4752

F4752.—This smart frock is for day-long wear. Pattern obtainable with either short or three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. wide. Pattern 1/10.

F4753.—Two-piece jerkin suit and blouse. Pattern obtainable either with long sleeves or sleeveless for suit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. wide for suit and 2yds. contrast for blouse. Pattern 1/10.

F4754.—Attractive frock for the larger figure. The slightly flared skirt has a smart wrap-over line. Pattern may be obtained with either long or short sleeves. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. wide, and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Pattern 1/8.

F4755.—Entrancing frock for afternoon wear with a yoke of shimmering sequins. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. wide, and 1yd. contrast 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

• TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 33.



F4753



F4754

F4755

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